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Lions on the track

Automobile rallies and cross-country races are fun. But racing puts a tremendous strain on both the driver and the car. It is not unusual that a difficult race brings a driver near the breaking point, when his only wish no longer is to win, but to arrive somewhere and fall asleep.

This story tells of the "Coronation Safari" in East Africa. Before it started, one of the drivers summed up the situation by quipping that it would certainly be safer to cover the entire distance by helicopter. But none of the contestants took his



It led across dusty plains and through steaming jungles. Where there were roads, they were bumpy, and many animals provided unforeseen hazards. Scared birds smashed several windscreens. One

remark seriously, and all 96 cars set off on the world's toughest cross-country race, which was to go on continuously for three days and three nights. The race called for the last bit of energy from the car, and tested the drivers to the limit.

driver rammed his car broadside into a giraffe, and roaring lions, unconcerned about the race itself, chimed in with the roaring engines to make up a fantastic symphony of strange sounds.

To many drivers and cars the bewildering jigsaw of all these unusual events proved to be too uncomfortable, and at the end only 43 cars remained in the race. The drivers and cars that successfully covered the full 3,000 miles distance arrived dead-tired and exhausted. The winner in the "Lions Class" was Mr. C. J. Manussis, who scored an impressive victory. To Mr. Manussis himself this wasn't at all surprising. He drove his Mercedes-Benz 219.

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CAMPARI SODA

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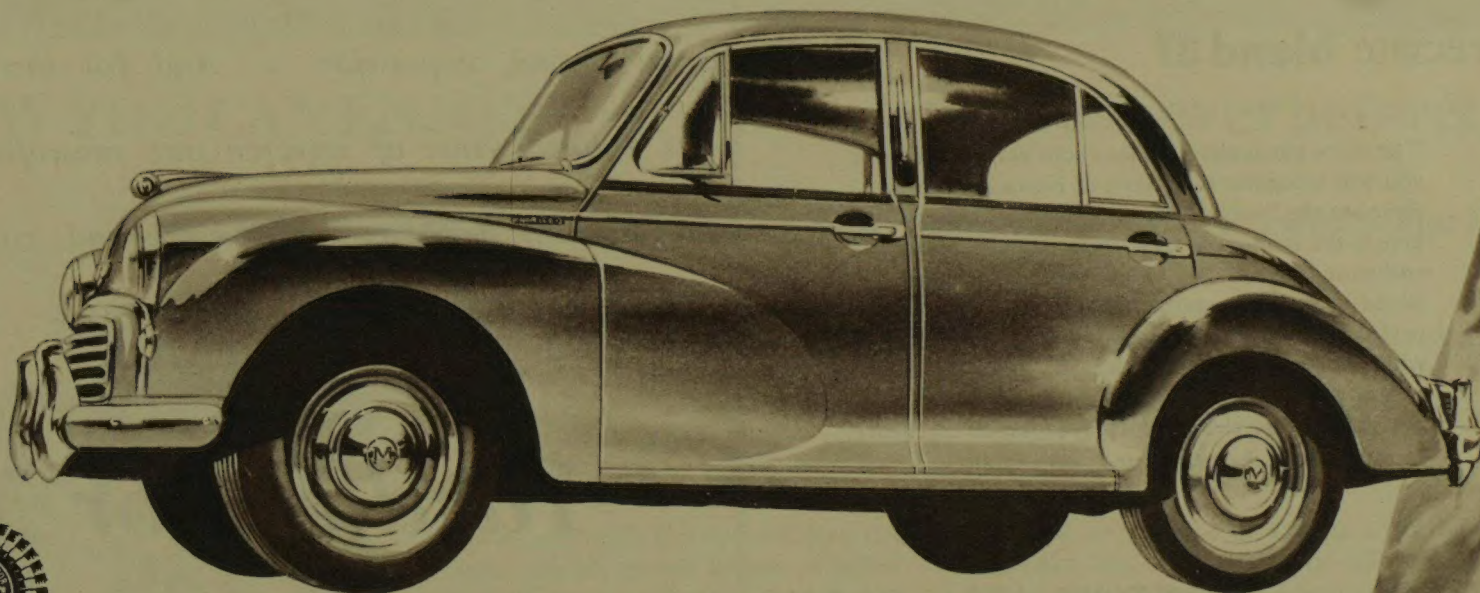
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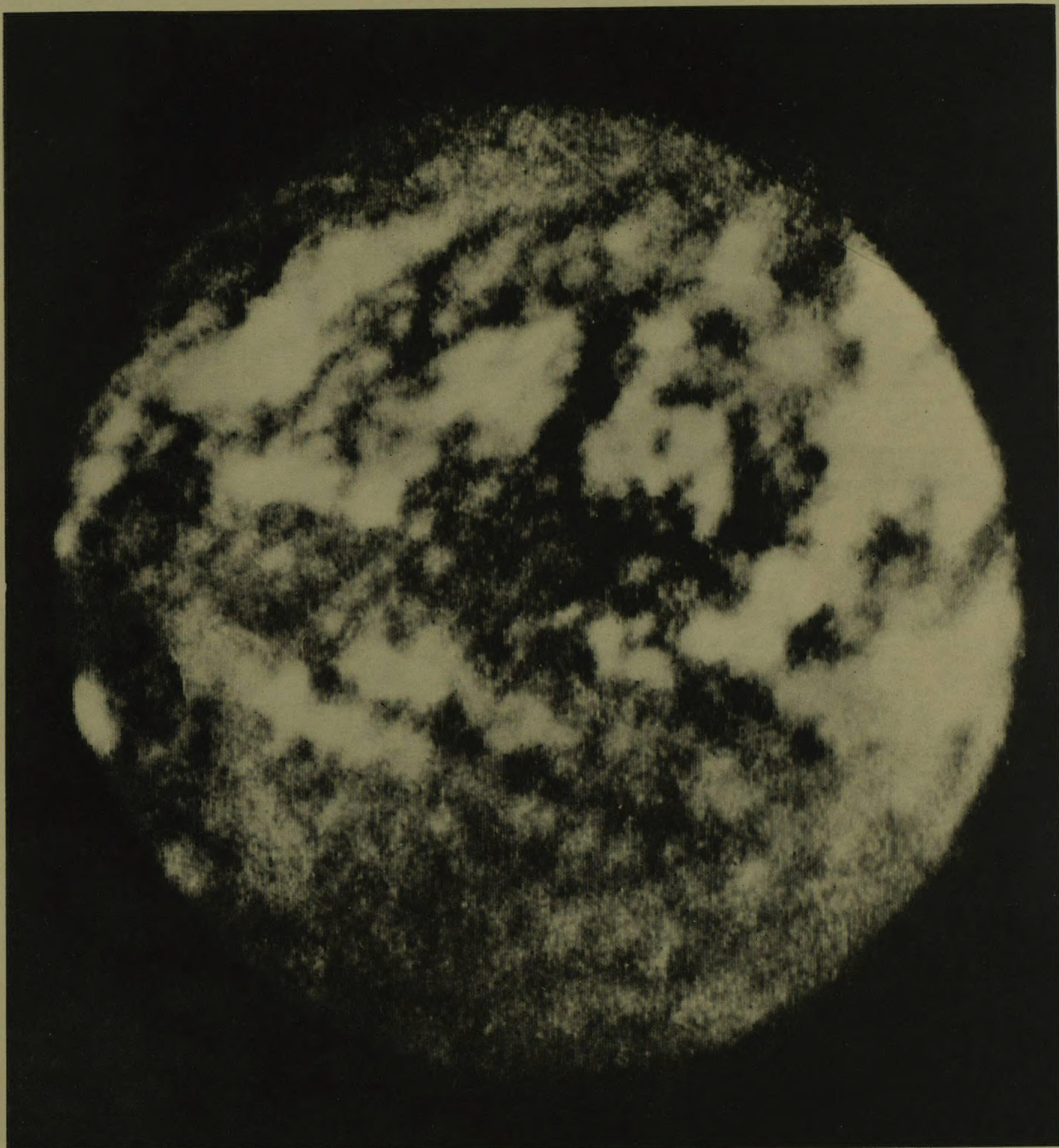
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SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1959.



THE SOLAR SURFACE AS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A ROCKET 123 MILES UP : ONE OF THE ULTRA-VIOLET PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SUN'S SURFACE JUST RELEASED BY THE U.S. NAVAL RESEARCH LABORATORY.

The ultra-violet photographs of the sun taken from an American rocket 123 miles above White Sands proving grounds, New Mexico, on March 13 (of which this is one) were claimed as the first detailed photographs of the sun to be taken in ultra-violet light from the highest layers of the Earth's atmosphere. They were taken from a height well above that of the ozone layer, which extends between about 15 and 20 miles above the Earth and which completely shields the Earth from the sun's ultra-violet light. The photographs, news of which was not announced until the end of March, showed the sun as a mottled

disc, the bright areas being associated with clouds of hydrogen gas at the relatively low temperature of about 6000 degrees Centigrade and rising to heights of several thousand miles above the surface. The achievement of photographing the sun in ultra-violet light has been the hope of astronomers for generations. The camera with which the photographs were taken was adapted so that only ultra-violet light fell on the film, visible light being excluded. The sun is the subject of Dr. Lyttleton's article this week, which appears on page 612.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE trouble with materialism—from which this country and, indeed, the whole world seems to be suffering a particularly bad bout at the present time—is not so much that it is a form of selfishness as that it is a form of unbalance and insanity and ultimately of suicide. For materialism is based on an unrealistic view of human existence; it assumes things to be as they are not and, making this false assumption, invariably in the end comes into violent and disastrous collision with reality. At its core is the belief that we are in the world to achieve our heart's desire and that, by constantly acquiring the material things and success we want, we can achieve permanent happiness. This is so obvious a fallacy that one would have thought no one over the age of, say, ten could possibly fall into it, yet the fact remains that we all to a greater or lesser degree do so, some of us some of the time and most of us nearly all the time. Why it is an obvious fallacy is that at the end of every human life, looming ahead of us like a tunnel into which we are bound to be carried—and at any time—is death, accompanied by the loss of every material possession, comfort and power we possess and usually preceded by a grisly prelude of sickness, decay and pain. It is not our heart's desire we are going to get in the end but cancer or pneumonia—"the old man's friend," as that wise physician, Lord Moran, is once said to have described it to Sir Winston Churchill, "because it carries them off so quietly"—the undertaker's hearse and the cold clay pit or the incinerator in the crematorium. We don't, of course, like to dwell on the horrid fact, but it is none the less true and nothing we can do can alter it. We can acquire the whole world for ourselves, win a football pool every day, spend our lives drinking champagne and eating quails on the Riviera or in a millionaire's yacht, but our ultimate destination will remain the same. That is why the Hebrew sage bade us remember our Creator in the days of our youth, "while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh, when thou wilt say, 'I have no pleasure in them'";

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain: in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low... and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets... Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

It is because the stored wisdom and insight of the Hebrew Old Testament and the Christian New Testament and liturgy constantly reminded our

fathers of these eternal truths, and because to-day we have substituted the daily newspaper and the nightly television screen in place of them, that our national sense of reality is so much less acute than it used to be. Because we are peddling dreams—the kind of dreams that our popular songs of the moment are constantly extolling—our values are all wrong. And as most of us never succeed even momentarily in being what we want to be—idle millionaires living in a state of perpetual sensual satisfaction and admiringly envied by all our neighbours—it is very important that for our peace of mind we should get our values right again. Otherwise we are bound to become

Man [he argued] is originally a poor forked creature subject to the same mischances as the beasts of the forest, destined to hardships and disquietude of some kind or other. If he improves by degrees his bodily accommodations and comforts—at each stage, at each ascent there are waiting for him a fresh set of annoyances—he is mortal and there is still a heaven with its Stars above his head. The most interesting question that can come before us is, How far by the persevering endeavours of a seldom appearing Socrates Mankind may be made happy—I can imagine such happiness carried to an extreme—but what must it end in?—Death—and who could in such a case bear with death? The whole troubles of life which are now frittered away in a series of years, would then be

accumulated for the last days of a being who instead of hailing its approach would leave this world as Eve left Paradise. But in truth I do not at all believe in this sort of perfectibility—the nature of the world will not admit of it—the inhabitants of the world will correspond to itself. . . . Suppose a rose to have sensation, it blooms on a beautiful morning, it enjoys itself, but then comes a cold wind, a hot sun—it cannot escape it, it cannot destroy its annoyances—they are as native to the world as itself—no more can man be happy in spite; the worldly elements will prey upon his nature. . . . The common cognomen of this world among the misguided and superstitious is "A vale of tears" from which we are to be redeemed by a certain arbitrary interposition of God and taken to Heaven. What a little circumscribed straightened notion! Call the world if you please "The vale of Soul-making." Then you will find out the use of the world... I say "Soul-making"—Soul as distinguished from an Intelligence. There may be intelligences or sparks of the divinity in millions—but they are not Souls till they acquire identities, till each one is personally itself. Intelligences are atoms of perception—they know and they see and they are pure, in short they are God. How then are Souls to be made? How then are these sparks which are God to have identity given them—so as ever to possess a bliss peculiar to each one's individual existence? How but by the medium of a world like this? . . . Do you not see how necessary a World of Pains and troubles is to school an Intelligence and make it a Soul? A place where the heart must feel and suffer in a thousand diverse ways.

Here, I believe, is the real truth of the matter, even though it has been found by many others and found in many other ways. We cannot escape our physical or material fate, it is destined for us by forces outside our control and we

must needs accept it when it comes—death, illness, loss of home or loved ones, inescapable misfortune. But though this is so, how we take it is entirely our own affair; we can be crushed by it or we can triumph over it; in this we are given freedom of choice. Like soldiers, whose profession it is to endure hardship and misfortune with fortitude and cheerfulness, we can by doing so make something better of ourselves than we were before. And seeing what we are and how much room for improvement there is, no one with such a philosophy need ever despair or lose hope! The sky may fall, but when it does, though it may extinguish a man's material life and possessions, it can still leave his courage, his faith, his wisdom, in a word his soul, unbroken and unimpaired. And if it does that he can at least be sure, at his passing, that he will not have died—or lived—in vain.



A "SHOW" OF OIL FOUND IN DORSET: A NIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE 80-FT.-HIGH B.P. EXPLORATION COMPANY'S DRILLING RIG NEAR KIMMERIDGE.

It was announced recently that a show of oil had been encountered at a depth of about 1800 ft. in limestone in the Broadbench No. 1 well being drilled near Kimmeridge, Dorset, by the British Petroleum Exploration Company. Drilling was expected to continue to a depth of about 4000 ft.

embittered, to feel an inferiority complex because we are failures, to be miserable and envious because we are not as rich as the man next door, and despondent because we are growing old and ugly! Yet if we could only see life in its true perspective, we should realise that what we call misfortune, however unpleasant, is not necessarily an ultimate misfortune at all and may very well prove in the end to be the opposite. For the only possible explanation of human existence that satisfies both reason and humanity is that it is a process of education in which every man and woman has a chance of strengthening and ennobling his or her character or soul. Keats hit the truth of the matter, I believe, when in that wonderful letter written to his brother and sister-in-law in April 1819 he described the world as "a vale of Soul-making."

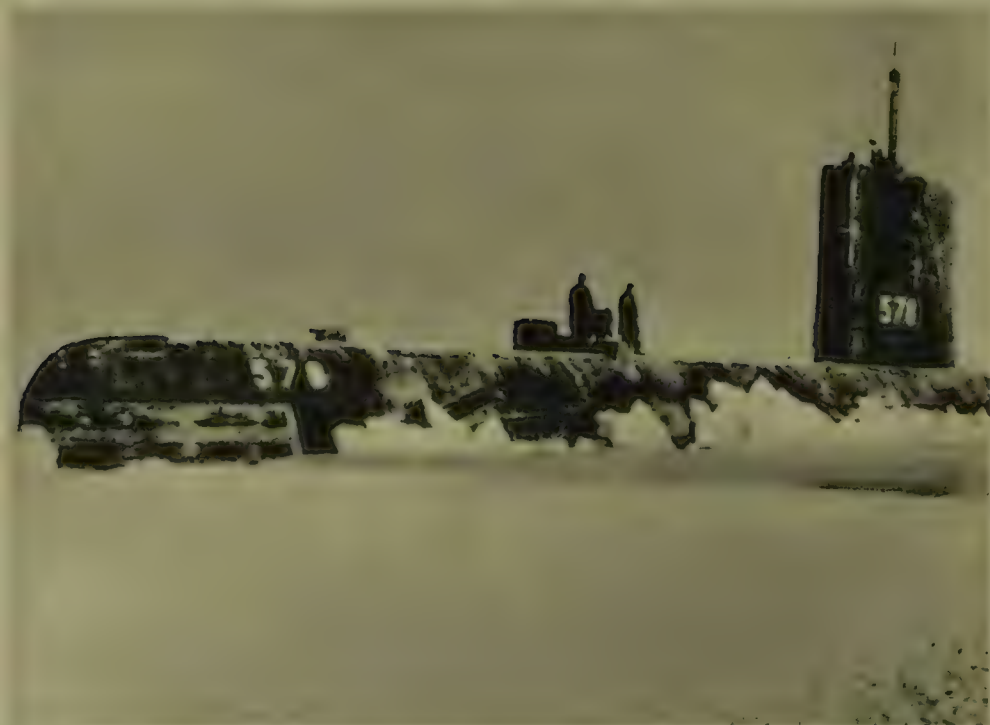


THE DALAI LAMA'S ESCAPE TO INDIA: THE TIBETAN RULER (CENTRE) PHOTOGRAPHED WITH MR. NEHRU (LEFT) IN 1956.

On April 3 Mr. Nehru announced to the Indian Parliament that the Dalai Lama, the young spiritual and temporal ruler of Tibet, had safely reached India, following the Tibetan uprising against the Communist Chinese forces in Tibet. The announcement, which had been preceded by a similar one from the Communist Chinese authorities themselves, was cheered by all sections of the House except for the Communists. According to Chinese announcements, the Dalai Lama had been kidnapped by rebels. The former Tibetan Cabinet was dissolved by the Chinese and replaced by a new one, and the Dalai Lama, claimed as being held "under duress" by the rebels, was temporarily replaced by the Panchen Lama. (When the Dalai Lama began his escape from Tibet,

involving a long journey to the Indian border, a number of letters said to have been written by him and claiming that he was in the power of rebels, were published by the Chinese, but were widely regarded as fabrications.) As the Dalai Lama was about to move on southwards into India from the remote Towang Monastery near the Tibetan border, there were reports that Chinese repression of the rising in Lhasa, the Tibetan capital, had been particularly severe, but the fighting appeared to have died down. Speaking in Delhi on April 5, about recent events in Tibet (which have been frequently likened to the Hungarian uprising), Mr. Nehru emphasised India's friendly links with Tibet and also her desire for continued good relations with China.

SURFACING BESIDE THE POLE; A POLAR FUNERAL FOR SIR H. WILKINS.



U.S.S. SKATE, A NUCLEAR-POWERED SUBMARINE, AT THE SURFACE NEAR THE NORTH POLE, AFTER BREAKING THROUGH THE THIN ICE IN A GAP IN THE ICE-PACK.



THREE MEMBERS OF SKATE'S CREW BESIDE THE CONNING TOWER EXAMINING THE THIN ICE AT THE NORTH POLE ON MARCH 17, AFTER SURFACING.



ONE OF A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY A SURVEY CREW AS U.S.S. SKATE TESTED HER TECHNIQUE FOR BURSTING UP THROUGH THE POLAR ICE.



SKATE BURSTING THROUGH SEVERAL INCHES OF ICE. THE MOMENT OF SURFACING PHOTOGRAPHED WITH SHEETS OF ICE LYING ON RUDDER AND CONNING TOWER.



AS SKATE LIES AT THE SURFACE AT THE POLE, TWO MEMBERS OF A SURVEY PARTY, WITH THEIR RUBBER DINGHY BESIDE THEM, TAKE OBSERVATIONS.



CONDUCTING THE CEREMONY OF SCATTERING SIR HUBERT WILKINS' ASHES AT THE POLE: COMMANDER J. F. CALVERT, COMMANDING SKATE (CENTRE), READS THE SERVICE.

On March 26 the U.S. nuclear-powered submarine *Skate* completed a cruise under the Arctic ice-cap after spending twelve days in the Polar regions—a new record for such operations. *Skate* was specially reinforced for breaking through the ice in areas of thin ice, and made in all ten surfacings during the course of the trip. One of these ascents into the Arctic world was at the North Pole itself, where the ashes of the Australian Polar explorer, Sir Hubert

Wilkins, who died last year, were scattered in the driving snow in accordance with one of his last wishes. This took place early on March 17, when the ship's company of 106, led by Commander James Calvert, held a memorial service on the ice beside the submarine. The voyage was taken in the worst conditions of the Polar year, to discover and establish if these regions are suitable for operational service by submarines all the year round.



THE N.A.T.O. TENTH ANNIVERSARY PARADE IN MAINZ: THE GERMAN ARMY CONTINGENT MARCHING PAST GENERAL NORSTAD AND OTHER ALLIED LEADERS.



GENERAL NORSTAD, WHO SUCCEEDED GENERAL GRUENTHER AS SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER, EUROPE, IN 1956. (N.A.T.O. photograph by Karsh of Ottawa.)

To mark the tenth anniversary of the signature of the North Atlantic Treaty, the fifteen Foreign Ministers of the North Atlantic Council held their spring meeting in Washington, where the treaty was signed, and, in Europe, a parade, claimed as the largest military parade in West Germany since the war, was held at Mainz. Among those at the saluting base for the Mainz parade was General Norstad. In the march-past were members of the forces of several N.A.T.O. nations—nations which in the past had in some cases opposed each other on the battlefield. In addition to the parade, there was a fly-past and

THE N.A.T.O. 10TH ANNIVERSARY: TWO N.A.T.O. LEADERS AND SCENES IN MAINZ.



SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION: M. P. H. SPAAK. (N.A.T.O. photograph by Karsh of Ottawa.)



FRENCH ARMY BANDSMEN THROWING THEIR MELODIOUS HORNS IN THE AIR DURING THE N.A.T.O. PARADE IN MAINZ.

a naval demonstration on the Rhine. In an anniversary message, General Norstad said: "Not one handful of N.A.T.O. earth has been lost in these ten years. Keep it so." At the N.A.T.O. meeting in Washington, opened by President Eisenhower (who was the first Supreme Allied Commander, Europe) and concluded on April 4, the tenth anniversary of the signing of the treaty, the Council discussed in particular the question of Berlin and the forthcoming negotiations in Geneva relating to Germany, and confirmed its unanimous determination to maintain the freedom of the West Berliners.

FOR the moment Cyprus is no longer news. What is going on is, however, of interest, and the future will be influenced by the manner in which work is handled not only in the island but far from its shores. Two tasks have to be undertaken simultaneously, two tasks which are distinct, though not independent. One is concerned with the setting up of a republic and the handing over of power to it. The second is one of internal organisation. The former was begun on March 23 when a joint committee representing Britain, Turkey, Greece, and the Cypriots met for the first time in London. This body is apparently only the forerunner to a special working committee. Among the subjects to be dealt with in this field are British, extra-territorial powers and a number of problems inherent in the transformation of a British colony into an independent republic.

Work on the other task has been taking place in Cyprus and has taken its early hurdles rapidly. On March 27 Archbishop Makarios announced that three portfolios of the Provisional Government would go to Turks: those of Defence, Health, and Agriculture, and the Turks would also be represented by a Deputy Minister of Finance. The other seven ministries—Foreign Affairs, Justice, Commerce and Industry, the Interior, Communications, Public Works, and Labour, will be allotted to Greeks. The Archbishop then conferred with Greek Cypriot mayors, according to general belief on the more difficult subject of forming separate Turkish municipalities under the terms of the London Agreement. Another committee will deal with the reorganisation of governmental machinery.

The satisfaction with which the settlement was received in Cyprus has not so far suffered a reaction. No sane person could have doubted that the outburst of rejoicing was genuine and prompted only by genuine feelings. A lead in favour of acceptance was certainly given by the chief figures in the Greek community, whether or not they had taken up arms, and by the Church. These influences, however, strong as they are, could have done no more than insure acceptance. They could not have brought about the atmosphere of happiness in which this took place. As for the Turks, they had by universal admission done very well and could hardly fail to be pleased.

The proposed constitution is so complex as to be almost baffling, but no worse in this respect than that of N.A.T.O., which no outsider even thinks it worth while trying to understand. The presidential system has been chosen. The President will be a Greek and the Vice-President a Turk. The pattern is, to a certain extent, American. Executive authority is vested in President and Vice-President, who will be aided in its exercise by the Ministerial Council, seven Greeks and three Turks, named by the two heads of state from the communities to which they respectively belong. They have the right of veto over the decisions of this Council. They have, separately and conjointly—an important point—the right to veto any act or decision of the House of Representatives on foreign affairs, except the participation of Cyprus in alliances to which both Greece and Turkey belong.

Executive and legislative powers are sharply separated. The latter lie with the House of

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

MEN WORKING OVERHEAD.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Representatives, which is elected by universal suffrage, but separately from the two communities, in the proportion which runs right through the scheme, that of seventy Greeks to thirty Turks. (This is highly favourable to the Turks, but perhaps rightly so. Where it varies, in the army, to 60 per cent. Greek and 40 per cent. Turkish, it is still more favourable.) The supreme organ of the

The initial favourable impression of the settlement has been maintained in Turkey. As has been pointed out, this has in many respects given her and the Turkish Cypriots a privileged position. The latter's sacrifice of partition, if such it can be called, is a minor one by comparison with the sacrifice of union with Greece on the part of the Greek majority. In a previous article I pointed out that Turkey's strategic situation had been worsened by the situation in Iraq and that she naturally desired to reinforce it where she could. The most obvious step was to repair the weakened links of N.A.T.O. and to some extent those of the Balkan Pact between Greece, Yugoslavia, and herself. This has been effected. Similar considera-

tions were in the mind of the Greek Government. It has, however, a difficult rôle and must take account of the denunciations of Opposition parties, sometimes in the form of demagoguery.

The denunciation by the extreme Left has, however, for the time being fallen rather flat. At the end of last month, while EDA was castigating the Government for making a settlement, the Communist Radio Prague was speaking in its favour. This attitude is similar to that of the Communist Party in Cyprus and will probably be the official Communist line, so long as it seems to be a paying policy. Again, while the Liberal, M. Venizelos, has fiercely opposed the London Agreement, the veteran M. Papandreou, who has at various times been his rival, his colleague, and his victim, has expressed disapproval of it but also the view that, having been reached, it ought to be supported. One independent journal states that Græco-Turkish relations have fractionally improved, but that no weapons have been handed in by Turkish Cypriots—which is true—that the lot of the Greeks in Istanbul has not been improved, and that no justification for the coming visit of M. Karamanlis to Turkey can be found.

It does not need to be said that the new constitution cannot be made a success solely by virtue of its merits. For that it will require also the loyalty and common sense of those who have to work it and to live under it. The same may also be said of relations with Britain, and there statesmanship on the British side and good discipline in the British forces will be needed. Continued close relations between the Greek and Turkish Governments may not be quite so vital when the machinery is in motion, but the opposite state of affairs might easily lead to the wrecking of the constitution.

It may well be that the heaviest risks lie in the economic field. The spending power of the British armed forces brought a large sum of money into the island even when it was in a state of war. The heavy reduction of their strength, which is already beginning, will from that point of view be severely felt. On the other hand, tourists are likely to return if peace is assured. A high standard of living may be unattainable, but this has never existed and is hardly expected. We must hope that Cyprus will enjoy peace and a reasonable contentment in the near future. Beyond that it serves no good purpose to look. No political arrangements are endowed with immortality and this region is not one in which they are likely to exceed the average in longevity. But good luck to the Republic of Cyprus.



AFTER BEING AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL OF THE ATHENS ACADEMY: THE FORMER EOKA LEADER, GENERAL GRIVAS (FRONT, LEFT), WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE ACADEMY.

General Grivas, the former EOKA leader, has been awarded the gold medal of the Athens Academy for his "services in Cyprus"; the first occasion on which this very high award has been conferred on an individual. During the ceremony the playwright, Mr. Spyros Melas, who is President of the Academy, delivered a panegyric during which he referred to the spirit of the 1821 War of Independence upheld by General Grivas. The general had discarded his guerrilla uniform in favour of a black suit.

judicature is interesting: a High Court of two Greeks, one Turk, and one neutral, who will be the President and possess two votes.

Then comes a novel feature, a Communal Chamber for each community, which will have the power to levy what we call "rates" and to exercise authority in matters such as education and indeed most matters which are purely communal. Separate municipalities will be formed in five towns by Turkish citizens, but within four years this arrangement will be reviewed by the President and Vice-President. The establishment of these Turkish municipalities naturally involves that of five Greek also, but all other municipalities will be joint. The British Government retains sovereignty over the base areas Akrotiri-Episkopi-Paramali and Dhekelia-Pergamos. It would take thirty instead of three paragraphs to deal with the whole scheme in detail, but this must suffice.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



WASHINGTON, U.S.A. TWO MINIATURE INVENTIONS: A RADIO TRANSMITTER FOR BALLISTIC STUDIES, THE SIZE OF A PENCIL HEAD; AND A "FLEA-SIZED" ELECTRIC LIGHT. The minute radio transmitter (left), developed for use in ballistic studies, instantaneously radios back the temperature of an artillery shell in flight. The even smaller electric light (right) may be used in many types of dials, especially in missile research.



MALTA. DURING A CEREMONY TO MARK THE TRANSFER OF MALTA DOCKYARD FROM ADMIRALTY HANDS: THE FOURTH SEA LORD, REAR-ADMIRAL COPEMAN (LEFT), HANDS OVER A SYMBOLIC KEY TO SIR ROBERT LAYCOCK, THE GOVERNOR OF MALTA.



MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE NIARCHOS FLEET: THE HUGE TANKER *PRINCESS SOPHIE*, WHICH BEGAN HER MAIDEN VOYAGE LAST MONTH. The largest merchant vessel ever to be built in the U.S.A., the tanker *Princess Sophie*, has now joined the Niarchos fleet, and is sailing under the Greek flag. Built by the Bethlehem Steel Company at Quincy, Massachusetts, the ship is 859 ft. in length (as compared to the *Queen Mary*, which is 1018 ft.), and has a full carrying capacity of 70,700 tons d.w. The Queen of the Hellenes gave to the vessel the name of her elder daughter.



MALTA. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DOCKYARD, NOW HANDED OVER TO BAILEY (MALTA) LTD., SHOWING A MINESWEEPER AND A SALVAGE SHIP IN DRY-DOCK. After nearly 160 years in Admiralty hands, Malta's dockyard has been handed over to Bailey (Malta) Ltd. for 99 years. Naval repair work will continue there, and the Admiralty will still use Malta as a naval base, but the dockyard will also be developed for commercial activities.



CAP FERRAT, FRENCH RIVIERA. TWO GREAT OCTOGENARIANS RELAX: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AND MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM IN THE GARDEN OF MR. MAUGHAM'S VILLA. Two of Great Britain's most distinguished figures, Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Somerset Maugham, whose combined ages total 169, recently lunched together at Mr. Maugham's villa. Sir Winston has been staying nearby, at Roquebrune. He is 84; Mr. Maugham 85.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



(Left.) MONTREAL, CANADA. THE FIRST SHIP OF THE YEAR TO ENTER MONTREAL HARBOUR: THE WEST GERMAN FREIGHTER VOLUM-NIA MOORING ON APRIL 1. FOLLOWING TRADITION, HER MASTER WAS FETED BY THE PORT OFFICIALS.



(Right.) WURZBURG, WEST GERMANY. LIKE A WINDSCREEN OF HONEYCOMB OR AS IF DESIGNED FOR A FLY'S EYES: A CURIOUS SYMMETRICAL "SHATTER" EFFECT WHICH OCCURRED AS THE RESULT OF AN UNUSUAL STRESS IN A U.S. VEHICLE.



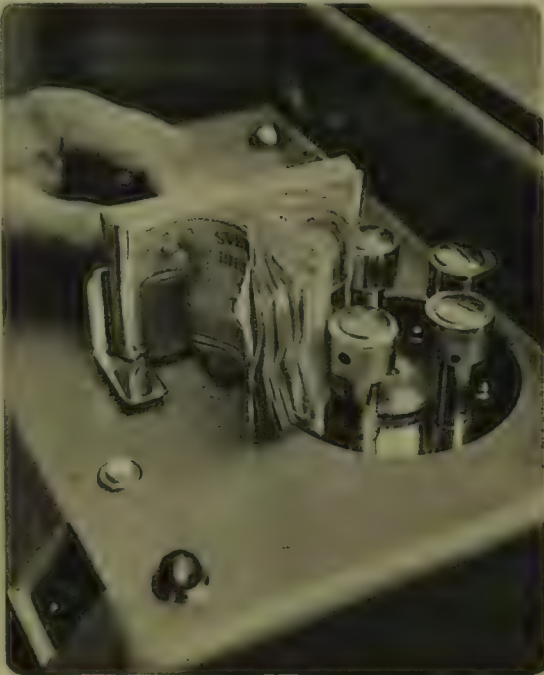
LIPARI ISLANDS. A COURSE FOR ARCHÆOLOGISTS: PROFESSOR BERNABO BREA (CENTRE FOREGROUND) EXPLAINS AN OVAL BUILDING ON THE LIPARI ACROPOLIS.

On March 21 twenty archaeological students from the U.K. arrived in the Lipari Islands for a ten-day course as guests of the Italian Government, conducted by Professor Bernabo Brea, Superintendent of Antiquities, East Sicily. They were accompanied by Professor Stuart Piggott (third from right), with Dr. Glyn Daniel behind him; Professor John Evans (centre background, behind man in white shirt) and Mr. Michael Gough (second from left). The islands are rich in antiquities from the Neolithic to the Iron Age. The course ended with the inspection of some classical sites on the mainland of Sicily.



NORTHERN ITALY. THE FOSSIL SKELETON OF AN ICHTHYOSAURUS, DISCOVERED ON MARCH 22 IN PIEDMONT—BEFORE BEING FULLY EXCAVATED.

On March 22 this fine and almost complete fossil skeleton of an ichthyosaurus, a gigantic marine lizard of the Mesozoic Period, was discovered. Ichthyosaurus had paddles rather than legs and a dorsal fin like a fish. This specimen is 30 ft. long.



STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN. NEWLY INSTALLED IN A STOCKHOLM BANK: AN INGENIOUS NOTE-COUNTING MACHINE (ABOUT THE SIZE OF A TYPEWRITER) WHICH CAN COUNT NOTES AT THE RATE OF 800 A MINUTE. THE FIVE HEADS FLIP THE NOTES BY VACUUM SUCTION.



TOKYO, JAPAN. NEARLY 30 FT. HIGH: AN ILLUMINATED IMITATION WEDDING CAKE IN A TOKYO DEPARTMENT STORE. It was learnt on March 20 that the marriage of the Crown Prince Akihito of Japan to Miss Michiko Shoda was arranged for April 10; and we show here some loyal decorations staged by a Tokyo department store.



THIS ENORMOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND HIS FIANCEE RECENTLY APPEARED IN A TOKYO STORE.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



LISBON, PORTUGAL. SURMOUNTED BY A STATUE OF CHRIST: A HUGE THANKSGIVING MEMORIAL FOR PORTUGAL HAVING BEEN SPARED DESTRUCTION IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR. THE MONUMENT, FINANCED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS, AND TAKING SEVERAL YEARS TO ERECT, STANDS ON THE SOUTH BANK OF THE RIVER TAGUS FACING THE CITY.



SALISBURY, SOUTHERN RHODESIA. TO MARK THE 57th ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF CECIL RHODES: AN OPEN-AIR COMMEMORATION SERVICE ATTENDED BY PEOPLE FROM MANY WALKS OF LIFE IN HONOUR OF THEIR COUNTRY'S FOUNDER.

(Right.)

ROME, ITALY. THOUSANDS OF UMBRELLAS IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE: CROWDS ESTIMATED AT NEARLY 100,000 WAIT IN THE RAIN ON EASTER SUNDAY FOR THE POPE TO GIVE HIS BLESSING "URBI ET ORBI" FROM THE BALCONY. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE DETACHMENTS OF THE PALATINE GUARD AND ITALIAN ARMED FORCES.



MUNICH, WEST GERMANY. A ROYAL WEDDING: PRINCESS DOROTHEA OF HESSE WITH PRINCE WINDISCH-GRAETZ IN FRONT OF ST. GEORG'S CHURCH ON APRIL 1. A niece of Prince Philip was married in Munich on April 1 to the forty-one-year-old Austrian Prince Friedrich Karl Windisch-Graetz. She is Princess Dorothea of Hesse, who is



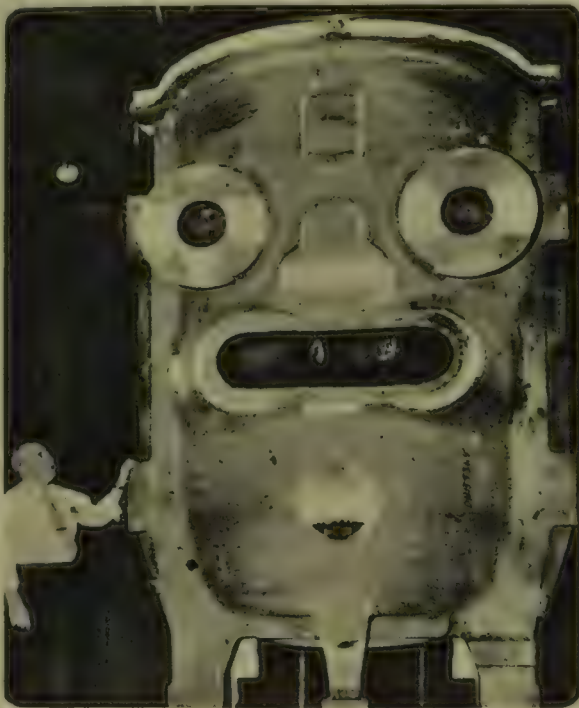
MUNICH, WEST GERMANY. THE ROYAL BRIDE, THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS DOROTHEA, WHO IS A NIECE OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. twenty-four. The Duke of Edinburgh's sisters, one of whom is the mother of the bride, attended the ceremony. His mother, Princess Andrew of Greece, was also present.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



CONNECTICUT, U.S.A. THE NUCLEAR SUBMARINE *SKATE* AT THE U.S. NAVAL BASE AT NEW LONDON PREPARING FOR HER RECENT SECOND ARCTIC JOURNEY.

Skate recently completed a second cruise under the Arctic ice-cap. She surfaced ten times, once at the North Pole, on March 17, when, in accordance with his wishes, the ashes of Sir Hubert Wilkins, the Australian Arctic explorer, were scattered there.



MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. LOOKING LIKE A HUGE ROBOT'S HEAD: A CASTING FOR A STEAM TURBINE GENERATOR UNIT AT THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.'S PLANT AT LYNN. THE GENERATOR UNIT WAS BEING CONSTRUCTED FOR THE PUERTO RICAN WATER RESOURCES AUTHORITY.



U.S.A. WALKING ON THE CEILING LIKE A FLY: THE SCENE DURING A RECENT TEST AT AN EXPERIMENTAL CENTRE AT DAYTON, OHIO, WITH EQUIPMENT DESIGNED FOR SPACE TRAVELLERS.



(Left.) U.S.A. A JET-PROPELLED AIRMAN: 1ST LIEUT. M. GARDNER WEARING APPARATUS TO ENABLE HIM TO MOVE ABOUT IN AIRCRAFT WHILE WEIGHTLESS.

Tests are being made at the Wright Air Development Centre, Dayton, Ohio, on equipment designed to enable people to move about in the weightless conditions which would be experienced by space travellers. The equipment includes magnetic shoes with which one can walk upside down, and a compressed air jet.

(Right.) U.S.A. IN A TEST CHAMBER: MAJOR BROWN (LEFT) FLOATS UNCONTROLLED WHILE WEIGHTLESS, AS LIEUT. GARDNER PROPELS HIMSELF AT WILL WITH HIS COMPRESSED AIR JET.



(Right.) NEW YORK CITY. A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE SCENE OF EXCITEMENT WHEN A LION ESCAPED FROM HIS CAGE AT A CIRCUS IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN RECENTLY.

On March 26 everything was going according to plan at the rehearsal of a circus in Madison Square Garden until *Ponto*, an eight-year-old lion, escaped from his cage. As he wandered hungrily forth, alarmed spectators stood up, not knowing quite what to do, while circus hands, nearer the beast, fled rapidly. *Ponto* made his escape after becoming restless during a tiger act. He strolled to the entrance lobby, and there circus hands succeeded in catching him with a net while a trainer held him at bay with a chair and a pistol. Nobody was injured during the incident.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—V.

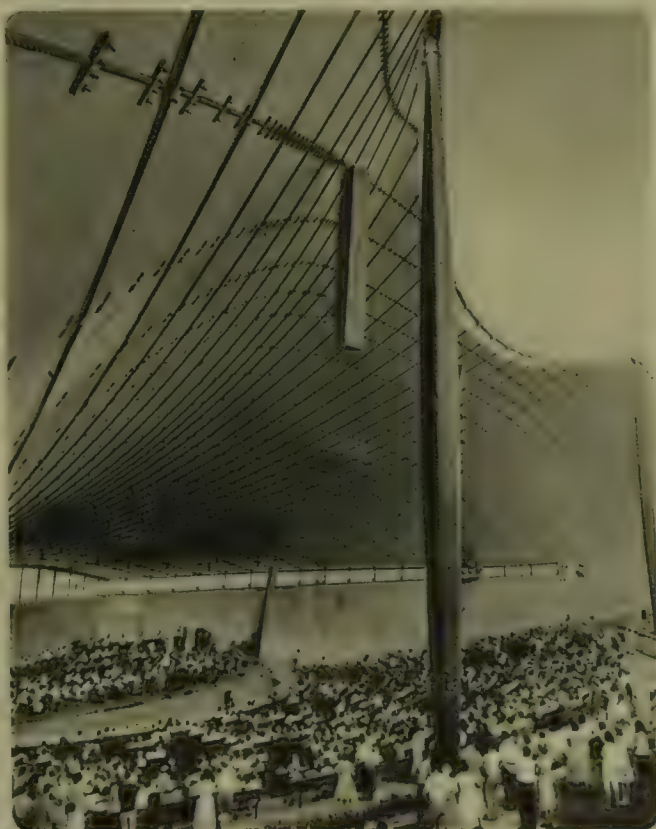


AT THE OPENING OF A "MUSIC BOWL" IN MELBOURNE: SOME OF THE AUDIENCE OF 20,000 WHICH ATTENDED THE INAUGURAL CONCERT, ON FEBRUARY 12, SITTING ON THE GRASS BANK IN FRONT OF THE AMPHITHEATRE.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA: A REMARKABLE OPEN-AIR AUDITORIUM.

Melbourne's new Sidney Myer Music Bowl—named after the late department store owner who provided the £160,000 for its construction—is a striking example of suspension architecture and resembles the music bowl at Hollywood, U.S.A. It can accommodate 22,000 people—2000 under cover—and concerts are relayed to an additional 100,000 in the surrounding park. It was completed in less than a year and was designed by a young Melbourne architect, Mr. Barry Patten, who overcame the serious problem of eliminating noise from nearby traffic most ingeniously. Excavating to a depth of 35 ft., he created an artificial amphitheatre, the slopes of which would provide insulation, and he devised the huge canopy to deflect the noise. The sound system is like that at La Scala, Milan. To prevent echo, sound proceeding from the loud-speakers is automatically synchronised with that coming direct from the 6000-sq. ft. stage.

(Right.) SEEN FROM THE CITY: A VIEW FROM AN OFFICE BUILDING OF THE MUSIC BOWL, SHOWING ITS BEAUTIFUL PARKLIKE SETTING.



SLENDER AND ELEGANT SUPPORTS: THE TWO 70-FT. STEEL AND FIBREGLASS MASTS SUPPORTING THE CANOPY SUSPENDED FROM A 40-TON STEEL CABLE.



MR. R. G. MENZIES OFFICIALLY OPENS THE MUSIC BOWL: THE PRIME MINISTER MAKING HIS SPEECH JUST BEFORE THE START OF THE CONCERT.



A SURE ANCHORAGE: THE 568-FT.-LONG 40-TON CABLE STRETCHING FROM 70 FT. UNDERGROUND ACROSS THE TOPS OF THE TWO SUPPORTING MASTS. THE CANOPY IS OF ALUMINIUM-COVERED PLYWOOD.

MÆCENAS IN AMERICA

"THE PROUD POSSESSORS." BY ALINE B. SAARINEN.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THE peregrinations of works of art form some of the most interesting and instructive chapters of history. Pictures, sculpture, old furniture, and the like have for centuries been moving from the countries where there was much culture but little money to those where there was much money but little culture. When the somewhat uncouth Romans of the centuries immediately before Christ rather unexpectedly found themselves the masters of the world they ransacked Greece of its treasures in order to give a semblance of refinement to their homes, and when the Whig oligarchs of England, ached up to the eyes, were firmly in the saddle nearly 2000 years later they scoured the Mediterranean countries, especially Italy, for the same purpose.

It is true that there were a number of exceptions, and some collectors, notably Charles I of England, really did know about art, but it is to be feared that the great majority of those who acquired the masterpieces of antiquity did so for effect, and really knew as little about such things as a British Prime Minister of the present century who, during a visit to Granada, having heard that there was an English artist living in Albaicín, by way of encouragement sent his secretary to buy as many pictures as could be obtained for five pounds.

These peregrinations are by no means necessarily at an end, and in the meantime Mrs. Saarinen gives us a fully-documented account of the way in which works of art have made the passage from Europe to the United States during the past two generations. It is not, she tells us, only impoverished aristocrats who have been denuding their walls in exchange for dollars, for in 1930 and 1931 the late Andrew Mellon helped the Soviet Government "out of a tight place" by the purchase of 6,500,000 dollars' worth of masterpieces from the Hermitage. She also gives some admirable sketches of what may be termed the consumers of art, though it would perhaps be indiscreet to enquire to what extent she writes with her tongue in her cheek.

European competitors in the art market might refer to Morgan as "The Menace," but he was not the only American ransacking Europe for art. The money that came from the metallic ores and the black gold of the earth's crust; the skyrocketing incomes of the victors in the bitter battles over the growing railroad empire; the multiplying dollars of the retail merchants and of the kings of shipping and street railways; the fortunes of the investors in real estate—this wealth of a spectacularly burgeoning economy was being spent lavishly. It was the irrepressible era of Veblen's "conspicuous consumption."

By no means all of the "proud possessors" whom the author includes were men, though they naturally predominate. There was, for instance, Mrs. Gardner, who might well be a character in a novel by Mrs. Parkinson Keyes, and whose modern counterparts could—at any rate, until recently—be seen any day lunching at the Ritz Carlton in Boston. She was in her heyday in the 'nineties of last century before prices had been swollen by the activities of J. P. Morgan; even so, she probably spent more than her husband could afford, and it was said of her that when she wanted to buy a picture she put her servants on rations. Mrs. Saarinen relates that she used to send the director of her collection to the local greengrocer daily to buy an orange, and once, to save himself a journey on the morrow, he bought

a couple, whereupon the girl behind the counter asked, "The old lady going to have a party?" Mrs. Gardner was vain beyond the ordinary run of American matriarchs, and she could not bear the thought that anyone should claim what had once been hers: so much so that when she left 152, Beacon Street, Boston, she insisted on the new occupant using the number 150 instead.

Then there was Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, who was, if possible, a little more vulgar but a trifle less eccentric. She was a firm believer in the policy of "keeping up with the Joneses," and she paid a very large price for a Corot because "people in our position would naturally be expected to have a Corot": as the author shrewdly remarks, "She was not pioneering in art to enhance her social position. On the contrary, because she believed it was an appropriate appurtenance to her well-entrenched social slot, the art itself was made acceptable." So fabulous were her jewels that a newspaper declared that when she appeared on the S.S. *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*

of them went to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York directly, and many others of Morgan's vast treasures have passed to other public institutions where they are available to the man-in-the-street.

Less well known is John G. Johnson, whose father was a blacksmith.

Where Morgan had a zest for shopping, Johnson reveled in the ceremony of unpacking. The paintings usually arrived from Europe in batches. Returning late from the office, he would sit down heavily and order his watchman Mulligan to bring up a single one. With the concentrated attention of a burlesque fan at a strip tease, he would watch the painting being disclosed. "He enjoyed it as an apéritif," Berenson recalls, "before sitting down to a heavy, succulent meal of terrapin or canvasback duck."

Nor are the moderns omitted from these pages, but collectors like Nelson Rockefeller and Peggy Guggenheim fall into quite a different category from their predecessors in the same field; furthermore, their scope is much more limited, for the export of works of art is subject to restriction all over the world.

It is easy to laugh at the ignorant, purse-proud and self-important men and women, with small pretensions to culture, whom Mrs. Saarinen parades before us, and it would indeed be interesting to know of how much money they were mulcted by fakes when they had no advisers like Bernard Berenson beside them. Yet they wrought better than they knew, for in the end their possessiveness had the result of bringing to the notice of their fellow-countrymen a hitherto unknown world of European and Asiatic civilisation. Nor is this all, for with so many masterpieces in their midst native artists have had an inspiration opened to them which they would otherwise have been denied. The importance of this is already obvious—it will become increasingly more obvious with the passing of the years.

Mrs. Saarinen brings her narrative to a close with Nelson Rockefeller and Peggy Guggenheim, and with them a period of American history clearly ends, for

the circumstances which enabled collectors like J. P. Morgan to amass their treasures are never likely to recur. Yet as one lays the volume down one cannot but wonder whether these works of art have reached their final resting-place. For centuries they have followed the money, and to-day the money is in the United States, but there is no certainty that it will always remain there. A picture that was painted in Italy, bought by Charles I for Whitehall, sold to some German princeling by the Commonwealth, resold to a Tsar, and finally acquired by Mr. Andrew Mellon may well remain where it is for a few hundred years more, but he would be a bold prophet who would deny that in the fullness of time it will not find itself in Brazil or Ghana—or even back in Italy again. Who knows?



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MRS. ALINE SAARINEN.

Born in Manhattan in 1914, Mrs. Saarinen is the wife of the well-known architect, Eero Saarinen. From 1944 until 1948 she was on the staff of *Art News*, after which she became associate art editor and critic of the *New York Times*. In 1951 she won the international award for the best foreign art criticism at the Venice Biennale.



"BOY WITH RED WAISTCOAT," BY P. CEZANNE (1839-1906): FROM THE CHARITY EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BELONGING TO MEMBERS OF THE ROCKEFELLER FAMILY WHICH IS NOW ON PUBLIC VIEW AT THE KNOEDLER GALLERIES, NEW YORK, UNTIL APRIL 25. OTHER PAINTINGS FROM THIS EXHIBITION APPEARED IN OUR ISSUE OF APRIL 4. (Oil painting: 31½ by 25 ins.)

with "a tiara of diamonds as large as lima beans, a corsage panned with diamonds, a sunburst as big as a baseball, a stomacher of diamonds and all her pearls around her neck, Alois Burgskeller, of the Metropolitan, who was singing at the ship's concert, was stopped right in the middle of a high note."

Probably the best-known of all the American collectors was J. P. Morgan, who died just before the First World War. He always overpaid for what he wanted, whether it was women, yachts or pictures, and, as we have seen, the result was to raise prices all round, yet the author is justified in her claim that "the Morgan collections represent the most grandiose gesture of noblesse oblige the world has ever known." About 40 per cent.

* "The Proud Possessors." By Aline B. Saarinen. Illustrated. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 6s 10s.)

CASTLES IN THE AIR: A MODERN "BALLOON" HOUSE ON DEMONSTRATION.



IN THE EARLY STAGES OF INFLATION: THE NEW AIRHOUSE ON DEMONSTRATION AT EAST MOLESEY, SURREY, BEGINS TO RISE FROM THE GROUND.



INFLATED BY MEANS OF A LOW-PRESSURE FAN IN A MATTER OF MINUTES: THE AIRHOUSE IS SAID TO BE BOTH INEXPENSIVE AND EFFICIENT.



THE LIGHT AND SPACIOUS INTERIOR OF THE "BALLOON" HOUSE: THE FAN INTAKE ON THE RIGHT ALLOWS THE CORRECT PRESSURE TO BE MAINTAINED.



SHOWING THAT THERE IS NO NEED TO CRAWL IN ON ALL FOURS: THE WIDE DOORWAY CAN BE OPENED WITHOUT AFFECTING THE PRESSURE AND CAUSING A COLLAPSE.



THE FULLY-INFLATED AIRHOUSE WHICH REQUIRES NEITHER POLES NOR ROPES, AND WHICH REMAINS ERECT BECAUSE OF SLIGHTLY GREATER INTERIOR PRESSURE ON THE LIGHT MATERIAL.

This airhouse is literally supported by nothing but the air beneath it. Recently demonstrated by Gourcock Ropework Ltd., of Port Glasgow, Scotland, it is amazingly simple in design, and is considered ideal and inexpensive for use as an outdoor marquee. Made in sections laced together to any required size, it can be inflated in a matter of minutes by means of air blown in at a low pressure by a fan. At a low cost this fan is kept running so that the pressure

on the light synthetic fabric is always a little greater inside than out. The airhouse has, therefore, no need of interior poles or of exterior ropes to trip up the flower-show visitor. Furthermore, it is confidently claimed that the doors, when open, in no way affect the pressure; so that there is no danger—unless, of course, the fan breaks down—of the "balloon" deflating on an assembled multitude. The price of the airhouse is not yet released.

THE UNIVERSE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE "SPACE AGE."

VIII. THE SUN.

By R. A. LYTTLETON, F.R.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

THE sun is an ordinary star, a gaseous incandescent sphere, huge by terrestrial standards but of only moderate size compared with some stars. As far as we can tell, its only unique feature is its proximity to us. This enables its surface and immediate surroundings to be studied directly in detail, but of the interior we can know nothing except by indirect theoretical means, though none the less reliably for that. Indeed, it has even been maintained that more is known of the central regions of the sun than of the surface, because conditions in the core are in some ways less complex than at the comparatively cool surface.

It is in this deep interior—the sun's radius is 432,000 miles—that the solar radiant energy is first produced as a result of processes converting hydrogen into helium. To keep up steadily the observed output of energy of the sun, which is measured by its total luminosity of 3×10^{27} candle-power, requires the conversion of about 600,000,000 tons of hydrogen every second. It is certain that the sun has been giving out energy at much this same rate for several thousand million years, yet its store of hydrogen is so great that only a few per cent of the total has so far been used up and changed into helium.

Conclusions such as these emerge from the mathematical theory of the interior of stars in general, a theory that is now sufficiently satisfactorily developed to explain not only the common standard types of stars but also exceptional ones such as red giants, which have sizes far exceeding what would normally be expected for stars of their brightness. If the mass and composition of a star are known, it is possible to calculate what both its luminosity and radius should be, and the theory by which this is done automatically supplies a great deal of information about the internal conditions too, such as the prevailing temperatures and pressures at different parts of the star. Conversely, given the brightness and size, which quantities can in fact be determined otherwise for many stars by observations, the internal composition and conditions can be inferred. This is how the various properties of the sun have been found with improving certainty during the past thirty years or so. The temperature, for instance, increases gradually at something like $30^\circ \text{C. per mile}$ from a mere 6000°C. at the visible part to about $13,000,000^\circ \text{C.}$ at the very centre, while the density at the centre is about fifty times that of water. Despite this high density, the material there behaves like an ordinary compressible gas—the pressure at the centre is about 500,000,000 tons per square inch—because at the temperatures concerned the atoms are so stripped of their usual electrons that they have room to move about quite freely with plenty of room between them, just as in ordinary gases that we are accustomed to.

High as this central temperature of the sun is, it turns out that it is not great enough for any elements other than helium to be built up within the sun. Nevertheless the sun does contain something like 1 per cent by mass of so-called heavy elements, that is atoms heavier than helium, but these can have got there only in some other way than by transmutation of hydrogen. The sun will have formed originally from interstellar gas, which is now known to contain on average just about this same small proportion of heavy elements, most of which makes its presence known in interstellar space as dust clouds, which result in heavy obscuration within the galaxy. Even now the sun is continually drawing into itself the remains of comets, namely meteoric dust within the solar system, and the comets themselves are probably aggregations of interstellar dust. It is this fact that the sun is still nearly all hydrogen that makes it so unsuitable a source for the material of the planets.

The observable part of the sun, that is the high outer atmosphere through which light is actually escaping into surrounding space, turns out to be extraordinarily complex. So much is this so that astrophysics is still in great doubt as to what may

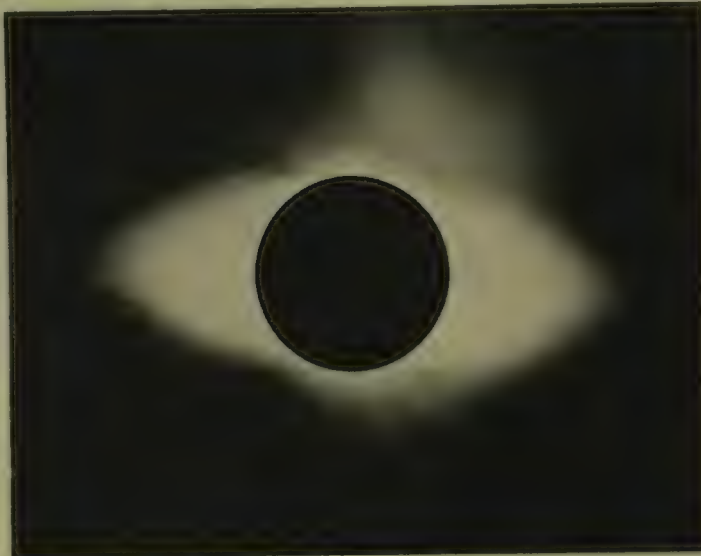
be fundamental and what only incidental among several processes and possibilities. Of the importance of the great outflowing stream of radiation itself there can of course be no doubt. The sun appears perfectly spherical because of its extremely slow rate of rotation; observations of surface features, such as sunspots, indicate a period of about twenty-five days at the equator, but the time for a complete rotation is longer further away from the equator. This only relates to the merest superficial layer, but it makes it unlikely that the main mass of the sun rotates as a rigid body. The sun looks darker towards its rim, because there we cannot see so deep down into its atmosphere since we are not looking directly down through it but more parallel with the surface.

The solar surface does not by any means present a perfectly smooth and undisturbed appearance. Quite the contrary. The outer part of the sun,

probably to a depth of nearly a tenth of its radius, is in a perpetual state of turbulence as though boiling with great violence. This shows itself at the visible surface as what is termed granulation: a mosaic of small bright areas with much darker edges looking like rice grains. There seems little doubt that these are the tops of convection cells, the bright parts corresponding to material bubbling up from below, and the dark parts to the cooled material falling down again. The dimensions of these cells



A SMALL PART OF THE SUN'S SURFACE, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN UNMANNED BALLOON AT A HEIGHT OF SIXTEEN MILES, WHERE THE ATMOSPHERE OBSCURES VISION FAR LESS THAN AT GROUND-LEVEL. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE FINE DETAIL OF SOLAR GRANULATION.



ANOTHER OF THE SUN'S FEATURES DISCUSSED IN THIS WEEK'S ARTICLE—THE SOLAR CORONA AS PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE ECLIPSE OF JUNE 30, 1954, BY THE ROYAL GREENWICH OBSERVATORY EXPEDITION TO SWEDEN.

range for the most part from about 100 miles across to nearly 1000 miles, but it may well be that any much smaller than this lower figure would not be clearly discerned. There is great difficulty in photographing these details of the sun's surface, mainly because of the Earth's atmosphere interposed between the camera and the sun. For this reason, specially constructed apparatus has recently been sent to a height of nearly 16 miles by means of unmanned balloons, and has succeeded in obtaining far more detailed pictures than has hitherto been possible at any ground station. An example of how the sun's surface looks from such a height is shown on this page.

This granulation, though always in a state of rapid change in its details, measured in minutes, is nevertheless a permanent feature of the surface. But there are other quite different features of a less permanent character in the form of the celebrated sunspots. The area wherein spots occur on the sun is confined almost entirely to regions 30° north and south of the sun's equator, very few ever occurring in higher latitudes, and also with few occurring within less than 5° of the equator. Large spots, and spot groups, may measure more than 100,000 miles across. The spots have the remarkable property of possessing extraordinarily powerful magnetic fields: more powerful by a factor of a thousand than any general magnetic field of the sun.

The total number of spots at any one time, or what comes to much the same thing, the area of the sun covered by spots, rises and falls more or less periodically, though with strong irregularities nevertheless. The average period over the past two centuries has been just over eleven years. It is still a complete mystery why there is this strange procession of events on the sun's surface. It is not known whether they are a purely superficial phenomenon or in some way related to the sun's deep interior, and similarly it is not certain whether magnetic effects prevail deep below the surface or are restricted to the superficial layers. It is now considered very probable that interstellar gas carries with it a weak magnetic field, and if so this raises the possibility that in some way the sunspots result from interstellar matter drawn in by the sun and falling to the surface while carrying its magnetic field with it, the field becoming enormously enhanced as a result. But all this, while a definite possibility, is still largely conjectural and as yet unsupported by any theory sufficiently developed to be really reliable. Some possible support for an external origin of sunspots may be found in the fact that from 1672 to 1704 the spots ceased almost completely, not a solitary one being observed in the northern hemisphere of the sun during that period, and there have been other long intervals when spots have been rare.

The near coincidence of the sunspot average period (11.13 years) with that of the mighty Jupiter in its orbit round the sun (11.86 years) has stimulated many attempts to find a formula capable of "predicting" the sunspot curve for long periods of time. But as yet no formula has been found that has continued to predict into the future.

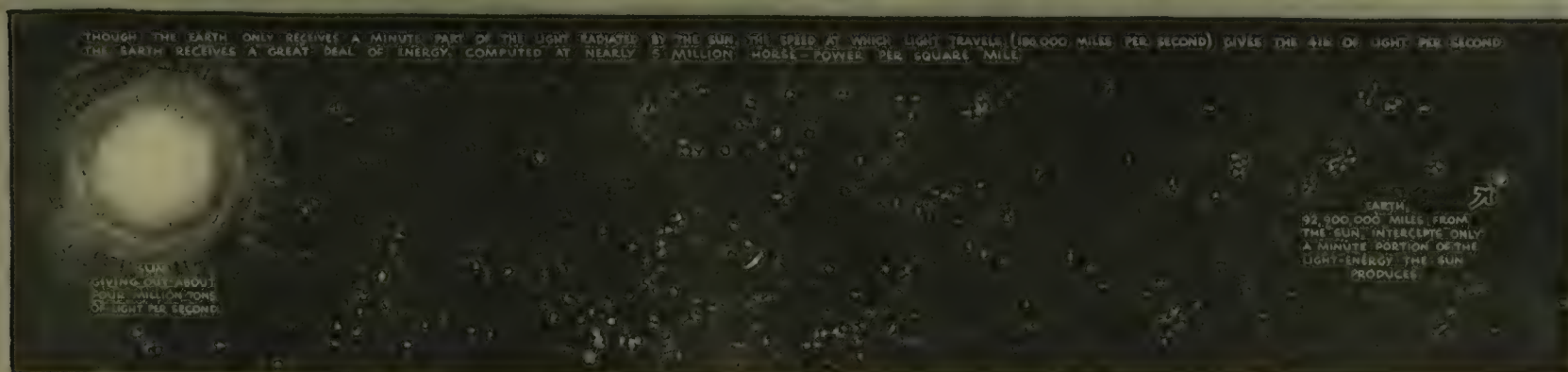
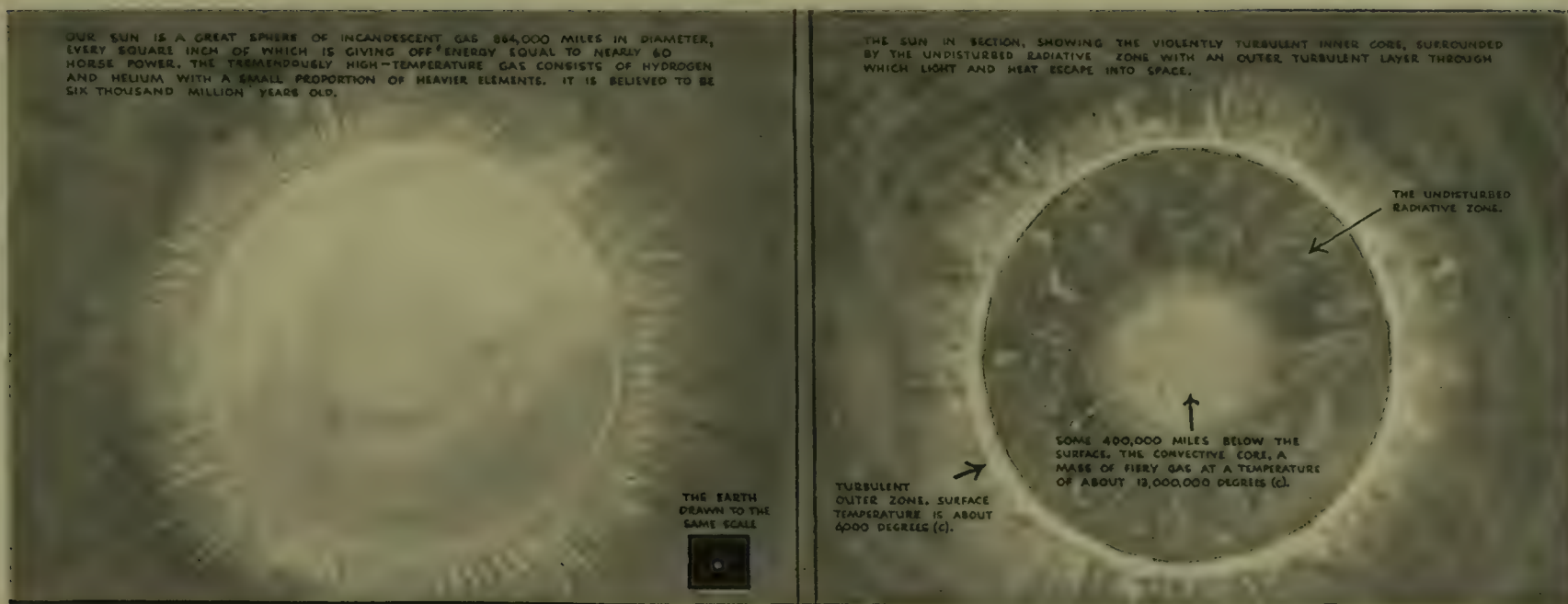
Were it not for the existence of the moon and the fact that it is just large enough, in angular size, to eclipse the sun, astronomers might still have been unaware of yet another extraordinary feature of the sun, namely the corona. The theory of the interior of the sun requires that the temperature and density fall steadily all the way out from the centre to the boundary of the star, which seems reasonable enough. And this is almost how the sun is constructed, appearing to stop at a sharp edge. But during eclipse, the sun is seen to have a huge luminous atmosphere extending several radii above what is normally regarded as the surface: it is this atmosphere that is termed the corona. The surprising thing is its extremely high temperature, far higher than that of the surface of the sun, and it increases upwards. The surface is at a mere 6000°C. , but 3000 miles above the surface the coronal temperature is about $25,000^\circ \text{C.}$, and goes on increasing rapidly till at a height equal to about one-fifth of the sun's radius the temperature is as high as $1,000,000^\circ \text{C.}$ How this corona forms and what maintains it at this high temperature are problems under active discussion to-day by astronomers, but no really settled solution is yet in sight.

Stranger still, there appears to be some intimate connection between the corona and the sunspot cycle. At all events, the general shape of the corona changes in a regular way all through the cycle, exhibiting much the same form always at the corresponding stages of each successive cycle. Near sunspot minimum, the corona is to be seen mainly in the equatorial regions of the sun extending far out from it only in fairly low latitudes. At the polar regions, the corona is visible only a little way

from the solar surface, where its form shows luminous streamers curved in a way highly suggestive of motion along magnetic lines of force, as though the sun were acting as a magnet with poles at the sun's poles. On the other hand, at sunspot maximum the corona extends out to much the same extent in all directions round the sun, since it then appears more or less symmetrical round it. The series of forms at different eclipses, which occur at times quite unrelated to the sunspot cycle, show that the corona changes gradually from the extended equatorial form to the symmetrical form and back again as the cycle proceeds.

Refined measurements can detect the corona out to a much greater distance than visual inspection of photographs shows, and every improvement of technique, including observations of the corona from high aircraft, has resulted in the corona being detected at greater and greater distances. Indeed, the idea is now seriously bruited that the corona may even join on continuously with the material producing the zodiacal light itself. Hitherto this had been regarded as produced by a more or less flattened distribution of material circulating at planetary distances but not extending inward to the sun.

The most hopeful suggestion for explaining the corona would seem to be that it represents material, presumably hydrogen, actually being gathered in by the sun from interstellar space. [Continued opposite.

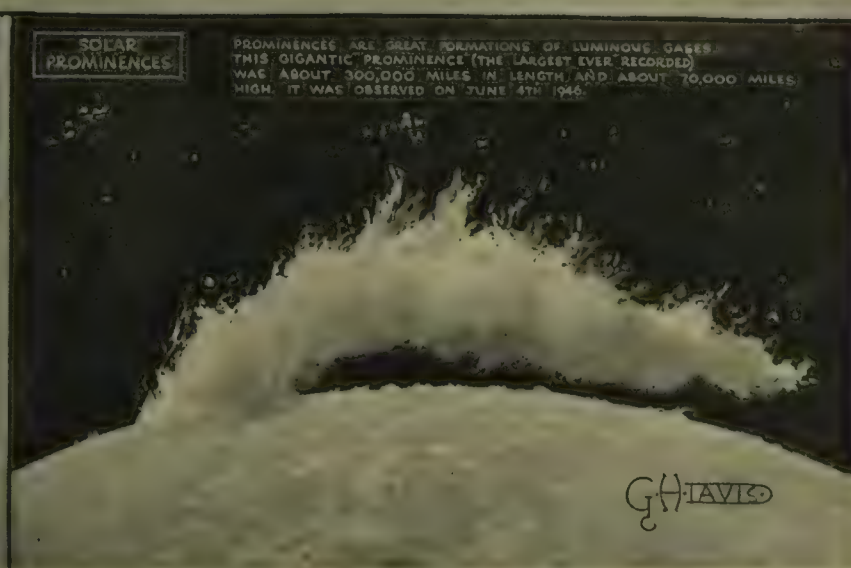
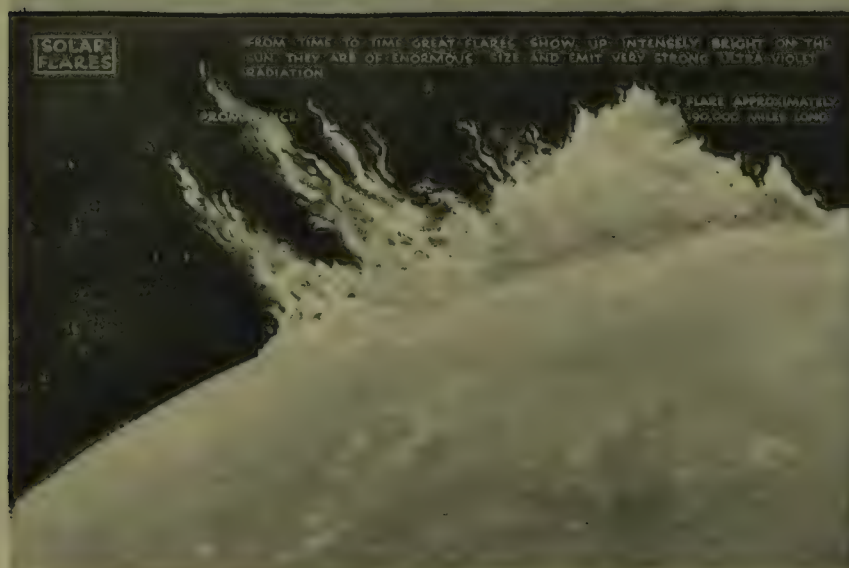


SUNSPOTS WHICH APPEAR AT MORE OR LESS REGULAR INTERVALS AND INDICATE GIGANTIC SOLAR DISTURBANCES.

SUNSPOTS SEEN THROUGH THE SOLAR TELESCOPE AT GREENWICH OBSERVATORY JULY 3-4, 1957. THE LIGHTER PATCH IS A BRILLIANT HYDROGEN FLOCCULUS.

SUNSPOTS APPEAR VERY MUCH DARKER THAN THE GLARING DISC, THIS IS CAUSED BY THE LOWER TEMPERATURE OF THE SUNSPOTS.

SOME OF THE SUNSPOTS ARE OF GREAT SIZE. ONE, FOR INSTANCE, WAS OVER 30,000 MILES ACROSS.



THE SUN—THE VAST, LIFE-GIVING FURNACE AT THE CENTRE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Continued. This theory has already met with a measure of success, and it explains the high temperature of the inner part of the corona as resulting (in an indirect way) from the energy of infall that anything reaching the sun's surface must have, with the inner corona itself representing the adjustment that the sun must make to its outer atmosphere to receive and absorb into itself the incident material. It might be thought a simple matter to decide whether material, such as that of the outer corona that we can actually see, is falling into the sun or moving outwards or is stationary. But unfortunately there are all sorts of unexpected complications, and so far no crucial test has been devised, though it is possible that this is one of the questions on which important evidence will eventually be obtained by means of artificial satellites. Interpretations of what appear to be motions in the inner corona are rendered complex by what must almost certainly be the effects of magnetic fields. Artificial eclipses can now be produced at high-altitude observatories where the atmosphere is exceptionally clear, and these enable the much more brilliant inner corona just above the sun's surface to be studied and even filmed without waiting on lunar eclipses, which involve journeys to remote parts of the globe and risks of weather that

often disappoints. These studies reveal the presence of enormous arching prominences above the surface, apparently in states of rapid change and motion. Strong local magnetic forces seem somehow to be at work, and filamentary prominences often seem to be directed towards sunspot regions. Upward surges of material appear to occur almost with explosive speeds measured in hundreds of miles a second. But here again what is seen are "motions" transverse to the line of sight, with the result that they cannot certainly be interpreted as actual material motions. Here we are able to describe only in the merest outline the amazing intricacy of events proceeding at the sun's surface. It is only in comparatively recent times that sufficiently ingenious techniques have been devised enabling some of these phenomena to be discerned. Thereby the sun has been transformed from what was once thought must be a simple object to a bewilderingly complex one. Even so, much more undoubtedly remains to be discovered merely of the relationship between the various features, if not a great deal besides. This is going to be difficult work enough, but it is only a preliminary to the far more difficult task of satisfactorily explaining how the phenomena arise.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of Dr. R. A. Lyttleton.



FROM A FERTILE CORNFIELD TO A 6000-FT. MOUNTAIN IN UNDER 200 YEARS: IZALCO VOLCANO.

In 1770 not a sign of this towering and barren mountain existed. In its place was a cornfield. Suddenly the field burst into a volcano which rapidly climbed upwards, spreading such an overflow of flaming lava around it that it soon earned for itself the name "Lighthouse of the Pacific." Now Izalco is one of the twelve or more major volcanoes in the small Central American country of Salvador. Already approaching twice the height of Snowdon, it is continuously growing, engulfing the surrounding countryside in dust, stones and

flowing lava. It was only sixteen years ago that another Central American volcano, Paricutin, in Mexico, sprang suddenly out of the ground amid underground rumblings and a spiral of steam (as reported in our issues of June 26, 1943, and May 20, 1944). Paricutin, which was born almost beneath an unsuspecting farmer's plough, rose alarmingly to a height of 500 ft. in a week, and to 1100 ft. in ten weeks, destroying vegetation for miles around with its deadly ash and lighting up the night sky with its flames.



"A BRIMSTONE SEA OF BOILING FIRE": PROBABLY THE FIRST COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN IN THE CRATER OF ETNA.

This dramatic photograph is one of several recently taken inside the crater of Mt. Etna by Dr. George Kirner, a Hungarian volcanologist long resident in Sicily. In the background is a cave-like sulphur gas pit. At this point the air temperature was 160 degrees F., and the soil temperature 218 degrees F.; and the photograph was taken in a moment when the drifting gaseous vapours parted sufficiently. The most striking feature is, of course, the vividly brilliant yellow sulphur; and in other parts of the crater bottom

there stood huge boulders of pure rock sulphur. During the three hours which Dr. Kirner spent in the crater, he made a partial descent of a sub-terminal crater which opened in 1911 and is still almost constantly active. During this descent he found himself sliding in loose ash towards the pit, but was providentially held up by a firm rock. Even so, he was unable to climb back until the fantastic good fortune of a shower of rain partly consolidated the ash and enabled him to clamber back to safety.



THE LEFT PANEL OF THE "MERODE ALTARPIECE," SHOWING THE DONOR AND HIS WIFE (L), AND BEHIND THEM A FIGURE WEARING STRANGE FESTIVE COSTUME.



THE CENTRAL PANEL OF THE TRIPTYCH, WHICH IS ONE OF THE EARLIEST REPRESENTATIONS OF THE ANNUNCIATION IN A SETTING OF AN ORDINARY FLEMISH INTERIOR. THE SMALL AREA OF SKY SEEN THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOWS HAS BEEN PAINTED OVER AN EARLIER GOLD GROUND. THE TRIPTYCH HAS BEEN PURCHASED FROM BELGIUM FOR THE CLOISTERS OF THE MUSEUM. IT IS 25 1/2 INS. IN HEIGHT.



THE RIGHT PANEL OF THE "MERODE ALTARPIECE," SHOWING JOSEPH ENGAGED IN MAKING MOUSETRAPS AND A SPIKE-BOARD, SURROUNDED BY THE TOOLS OF HIS TRADE.

AN OUTSTANDING FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FLEMISH MASTERPIECE PURCHASED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK: THE "MERODE ALTARPIECE."

"The Merode Altarpiece" is, without a doubt, one of the masterpieces of fifteenth-century Flemish painting. Almost certainly painted by the Master of Flémalle, it is thought to be a contemporary or even a predecessor of the great works of the Van Eyck brothers. Certainly in style it resembles the great Giant altarpiece which the Van Eyck brothers completed in the year 1432. The consensus of scholarly opinion to-day is that the "Merode Altarpiece" was probably completed a little earlier than this date, and that the artist may be regarded as the prime initiator of a style of realistic religious painting usually associated with the brothers Van Eyck and, more particularly, with Roger van der Weyden. Some scholars have even maintained that the Master of Flémalle and Roger van der Weyden were the same man, but in recent times informed opinion tends to identify him with a certain Robert Campin, of Valenciennes, a man known not to have signed a single painting but to have been a recognised master at Tournai as early as 1406. But although scholars have long argued about the date of the altarpiece and its exact authorship, no one has ever disputed its beauty or its importance in

the development of early Flemish art. Briefly it may be said to lie at a transitional point between the mediæval and the Renaissance spirit in European painting. Much of the craftsmanship and the detail belong to an old mediæval tradition which regarded works of art primarily as objects of contemplation. The mood of the "Merode Altarpiece" is very much in accord with this tradition, and yet it looks forward to a more sophisticated and realistic art which was to flower so nobly at the hand of the brothers Van Eyck and Roger van der Weyden. This is especially true of the many finely observed details: the glimpses of the town and figures seen in the left and right panels of the triptych through the open doors and windows, and in the precise architecture surmounting the wall and battlements. The entire painting is executed in oils; and although the technique of oil-paint was new at the time, the artist has shown himself a highly-skilled craftsman in its use. He has employed his paint in a number of imaginative ways. To emphasise the woolly texture of Joseph's garment he has utilised some kind of stick to work a pattern on the surface of the panel. On the other hand, the hair

and drapery of the Virgin, and of the Angel, are modelled so delicately that the brushstrokes are barely visible in the overall smooth glossiness of their texture. The artist was also highly aware of the necessity to give the impression of space. This is more obviously effective in the side panels, where he has made deliberate use of distant objects, but it is also more crudely effective in the centre panel. Here the problem was more acute since, apart from the sky, there are no distant objects with which to offset the foreground. Whether the somewhat tipsy perspective in this panel was due to ignorance or to deliberate distortion to show the surface of each object in a "steep" perspective, it is impossible to tell. But at least this latter view is in accordance with the care given to the numerous details, such as the holy book and scroll, the intricate shape of the table, the flowers in the left panel and Joseph's tools in the right panel. Incidentally, Joseph's excessive fondness for mousetraps was not merely a personal whim of the artist. A theological concept of the time was that such a trap represented the bait of Christ's flesh which would allure the devil to his fate. Another interesting

theory is that the donor, in the left wing of the triptych, whose identity is not known for certain, commissioned the work as a bachelor, and that later, at his betrothal, had the figure of the lady painted in next to him. This would account for the cramped nature of that panel which would seem to be complete without her. The name "Merode Altarpiece" has been given to the whole work because the Merode family purchased it two centuries ago from the Arenberg family, who had acquired it at Bruges. Fifteen years ago the painting went out of the possession of the Merode family, since when it has never been on show. Even before that it was only on public view twice, in 1912 and 1923. It has now been extensively cleaned and carefully restored. It was sold last year to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, where it is to rest in a specially air-conditioned room in The Cloisters. The Altarpiece contains a number of details of much interest. In the Museum's collections are a Flemish fifteenth-century bronze laver similar to the one seen in the centre panel (background) and a Flemish or German candlestick of this period resembling the one near the reading Virgin.

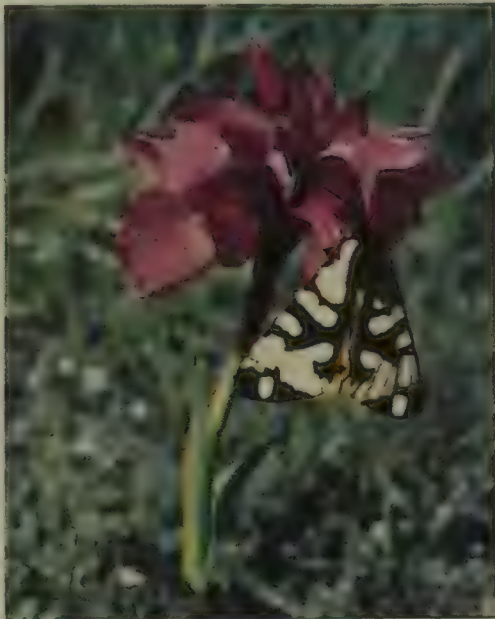
Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

SOME WILD FLOWERS
OF PORTUGAL.

A RELATION OF THE WELL-KNOWN "STAR OF BETHLEHEM": *ORNITHOGALUM UNIFLORUM*, A HANDSOME BULBOUS PLANT OF THE MEADOWS.



THE HOTTENTOT FIG, *MESEMBRYANTHEMUM EDULE* (OR MORE CORRECTLY *CARPOBROTUS EDULIS*), A SOUTH AFRICAN NOW NATURALISED IN PORTUGAL.



THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BUTTERFLY ORCHID—OR, TO BE ACCURATE, *ORCHIS PAPILIONACEA*, AND A CREAM-SPOT TIGER MOTH.

PLANTS OF MEADOW,
HILLS AND ROADS.

THE LOVELY ANGEL'S TEARS *NARCISSUS TRIANDRUS*, VAR. *ALBUS*. THE "ANGEL" IN QUESTION WAS AN UNHAPPY PORTUGUESE BOY.

THE lovely land of Portugal provides a wealth of interest for the botanically-minded traveller (writes Mr. D. N. Paton, who took these photographs), and it is indeed an exciting experience to explore the country for the first time. Owing to its geographical situation, the climate is extremely varied. In the north, near the sea, the moist Atlantic winds produce a vegetation similar to that of the West of Ireland; in the south, the coastal stretches are more Mediterranean in their aspect. Inland there is still greater variety, ranging from Alpine areas in the formidable mountains of the Sierra Estrela, through [Continued below.

flowering high in the Sierra Estrela in April. (Mr. Elliott has told the story of how the "Angel's Tears" narcissus got its name. After a quantity of bulbs had been collected high in the mountains, the sack was given to a small boy, called Angel, to carry. When the party paused for a rest halfway down, it was discovered Angel had forgotten the sack. Hence, Angel's tears.) Much of the country consists of warm, dry heathland, and another typical group to be found growing here is the genus *Cistus*. There are many different species of *Cistus*, such as the pink crinkly *Cistus crispus*, or the [Continued below.



A POPULAR GARDEN ANNUAL IN THIS COUNTRY, BUT A NATIVE OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL: *CONVOLVULUS TRICOLOR*.

heath, scrub and woodland, to the arid lands of the southern corner, which support little vegetation at all. Some of the most interesting native plants to be found are the miniature bulbs, among them being dwarf forms of narcissus, crocus, tulip and iris. These have recently become increasingly popular among British gardeners. In spring, the fields are full of the dainty little heads of *Narcissus bulbocodium*, the Hoop Petticoat Daffodil. Very common, too, are the dwarf forms of *Narcissus pseudo-narcissus*, which are just like miniature daffodils. Much rarer, however, are *Narcissus rupicola* and *Narcissus triandrus*, both of which I found [Continued above, right.



A STRIKING AND UNCOMMON ORCHID, *ORCHIS ITALICA* FOUND ON THE LIMESTONE SIERRA ARRABIDA, TO THE SOUTH OF LISBON.



ALSO AN ENGLISH GARDEN PLANT, BUT A SOUTHERN EUROPEAN NATIVE: *LAVATERA TRIMESTRIS*.

pure white delicate *Cistus bourgeanus*. But perhaps the loveliest sight of all is that of the large waxy-white blossoms of *Cistus ladaniferus*, so beautifully marked with chocolate. A very fruitful area which could be visited in a day's trip from Lisbon is the Sierra Arrabida. This is a short and relatively low limestone range overlooking the brilliant blue sea near Setubal. Never have I made so many new finds at one time before. The range is sweetly fragrant with its covering of aromatic herbs, among which are hidden such treasures as dwarf tulips, grape hyacinths, wild peonies, species of *cistus* and rare orchids. It is indeed a "must" for a first visit to the country.



(Left.) THE JUDAS TREE (*CERCIS SILIQUASTRUM*), WHICH IS PARTICULARLY BRILLIANT GROWING BESIDE THE ROAD BETWEEN LISBON AND CINTRA.

(Right.) A DELIGHTFUL MAT-FORMING PLANT WHICH GROWS IN TURF: *SPERGULARIA FIMBRIATA*, PHOTOGRAPHED AT 2 INS. RANGE. A RELATION OF THE BRITISH SAND-SPURRY.

Colour photographs by
D. N. Paton, F.L.S., A.R.P.S.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THE pasque-flower is so-called because it usually flowers at about Easter-time. It is one of the rarer British wild flowers, and quite one of the most beautiful. It is found, very locally, in the short turf of chalk downs, and is there a very different thing to what it becomes when grown in the garden. I have found the pasque-flower—*Anemone*



ANEMONE PULSATILLA "SNOW QUEEN": ONE OF THE WHITE FORMS OF THE SPECIES. THIS SHOWS THE INTENSE HAIRINESS OF BOTH THE LEAVES AND THE FLOWERS, WHICH MAKES THE PLANT EXCEPTIONALLY BEAUTIFUL IN DEWY OR SCOTCH-MISTY WEATHER.
Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

pulsatilla—in two localities, first in Hertfordshire, and then in Gloucestershire, and in each case the flowers were a deep reddish-purple in colour, and were carried on stems no more than 2 or 3 ins. high. It is a good perennial for the garden, but not so fine as some of the special forms which are in cultivation, and may be had from nurseries which specialise in hardy plants, and especially Alpines.

On no account should gardeners go and dig up *Anemone pulsatilla* in the wild. I remember receiving a letter from some female enthusiast some years ago, asking me to tell her of the exact situation of one of the colonies of *pulsatilla* of which I know. She wished to go and dig up a few roots "very discreetly." A truly quaint conceit. As well strangle a few babies "very discreetly." I did not tell this would-be discreet murderess where to find the plant, but I wish now that I had sent her on some wild-goose chase, preferably in fields full of bulls. The finest variety of *Anemone pulsatilla* that I know is the "Budapest" variety. The flowers are very much larger than the wild British form, and their colour is a particularly delicious lavender-blue, with blue predominating, and they are carried on stems a good foot or more tall. One of the special attractions of this "Budapest" *pulsatilla* is the rich mantle of silvery silky fur that clothes the flower-stems and the unopened buds.

It must have been about forty-five years ago that a Dutch nursery firm sent out a variety of *Anemone pulsatilla*, with the varietal name "Mrs. Van der Elst." This had much smaller flowers than the "Budapest" form, and their colour was a pure soft rose-pink. I invested in a few of these at great expense, but, alas! the whole lot perished at the hands of an over-enthusiastic and over-confident propagator. *A. pulsatilla* can be propagated by means of root cuttings, but for some reason or other "Mrs. Van der Elst" refused to tolerate such a barbarity, and unfortunately this variety does not come true from seed.

THE PASQUE - FLOWER.
By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

For some time I have known of white-flowered forms of *pulsatilla*, but normally their flowers are rather on the small side. However, my son Joe recently selected, from a large batch of whites, one plant with much larger, finer flowers than all its brethren. I have had, and maybe still have, a form of *pulsatilla* with golden flowers. But they lack size and guts and so are of no great garden value. The best way of propagating *Anemone pulsatilla* is from seeds, home-saved if possible, and sown as soon after they have been harvested as may be, and the seedlings should be planted out in their permanent quarters when relatively young, and then left undisturbed for ever and ever. The plant demands a fully sunny position, and enjoys any good loam, into which a little lime or old mortar rubble has been dug.

On no account should the anemone be dug up from the wild, for although it grows abundantly in its chosen habitats, those colonies are few in number, and constant "collecting," no matter how "discreet," would be bound to exterminate the plant in the end. In view of the widely differing varieties of *Anemone pulsatilla* that are already in cultivation—the red-violet wild British one, the white, the big lavender-blue

"Budapest" form, the pink descendants of "Mrs. Van der Elst," a golden and a chocolate or mahogany red one, there would seem to be rare scope for the enterprising plant breeder, for the raising of new and improved *pulsatillas*, with new colours and longer stems, to give them greater value as cut-flowers, as well as more important features in the rock garden or the mixed-flower borders.

There seems to be a tendency among gardeners to plant *Anemone pulsatilla* almost exclusively on the rock garden. Certainly the more open slopes of that department can make a very pleasant setting for the plant, but there is no reason why those who have no rock garden should deny themselves the beauty of one of our loveliest native wild flowers, which, after all, is not a rock dweller in the wild in this country, but a dweller amid turf on our chalk downs.

It should be better known that the pasque-flower, *Anemone pulsatilla*, may be raised quite easily from seed, and fortunately seed of the plant is offered by one or two of the firms which specialise in seeds of Alpines and some of the less common hardy perennials. The seeds themselves are not unlike caraway seeds in shape and size, and are provided with a long, curved, feathery wing as an aid to distribution in the wild. In sowing



THE PASQUE-FLOWER IN THE GARDEN—A FINE CLUMP GROWING BESIDE A SHRUB BORDER. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WELL ILLUSTRATES THE PLANT'S INCREASE IN HEIGHT AS THE RESULT OF CULTIVATION. IN THE WILD IT IS ONLY TWO INCHES OR SO HIGH.
Photograph by J. E. Downward.

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these seeds a good way is to hold them by this wing, and spear them, seed first, into the soil. It is important that the seed should be as fresh as possible, and with this in view it is a safe plan to scrounge a pinch from a friend's garden, if one has such a valuable friend.

I am not quite correct, by the by, in referring to this plant as *Anemone pulsatilla*. By the latest ruling that has come my way (it would not surprise me to hear of even later rulings by The Botanists)—as I was saying when I interrupted myself—by the latest ruling, the plant's correct name is *Pulsatilla vulgaris*. You have been warned.

THE TREASURES OF A MING EMPEROR: FROM THE UNTOUCHED TOMB OF WAN-LI.



JEWELLERY FROM THE FIRST IMPERIAL MING TOMB TO BE FOUND AND EXCAVATED: A RABBIT EAR-RING AND ELABORATE HAIR ORNAMENTS IN SILVER AND PRECIOUS STONES.



A SMALL TRANSLUCENT JADE BOWL (3 1/4 INS. DIAMETER) WITH A GOLD SAUCER AND AN ELABORATE EMBOSSED AND OPENWORK GOLD COVER.

During a recent visit to Peking MISS ELLA WINTER was able to visit the exhibition staged in the Palace Museum there of the treasures found in one of the outstanding archaeological discoveries made in China—the excavation of the tomb of the Emperor Wan-Li and his two Empresses, the first Imperial Ming Tomb to be discovered; and to bring back these photographs, which are believed to be unique in this country. She writes:

AN archaeological team began excavating in May 1956. After a year's search it had found some clues—inscriptions on a wall: "Tunnel Entrance, Left Tunnel, Right Tunnel," and "The Hard Wall is 160 feet from this stone and goes down 35 feet." A stone tablet gave further directions to the secret entrance, for when the Empresses died. A tunnel ended at a wall, the "Hard Wall" of the tablet. Brick-work [Continued opposite



THE EMPEROR WAN-LI, WHO REIGNED FROM 1573 TO 1619 AND WHOSE NEWLY-DISCOVERED TOMB AND THE TREASURES THEREOF WE ILLUSTRATE ON THESE TWO PAGES.

Continued.] pushed in by earth against it had taken the shape of a doorway. Bricks were removed, until a draught of air came through; they had come upon the entrance to the mausoleum. A young Chinese archaeologist, a member of the expedition, explained, "It was a large square chamber with a vaulted brick ceiling. A magnificent stone doorway led from tunnel to tomb. Its eave-tiles and the high double door were of whole pieces of 'sweat white' jade. The door had nine horizontal rows of studs and two carved animal heads to hold the door-rings. The mechanism was so skilfully designed that one person could swing back those doors, weighing several tons. The mausoleum consisted of five immense stone chambers, the whole one vast vault, with neither pillar nor rafter. All were connected by jade [Continued below.



THE GOLD CROWN OF THE EMPEROR WAN-LI, ONE OF FOUR CROWNS FOUND IN THE TOMB. OF GOLD WIRE, THE ORNAMENT SHOWING TWO DRAGONS PLAYING WITH A PEARL.

Continued.] doors. The floors were made of 'gold brick,' bricks especially made in this dynasty for palace or tomb floors, of very fine washed sieved clay mixed with tung-oil; they give the floors a highly-polished long-lasting surface. In the furthest vault three painted gilt coffins stood side by side on



A WINE JUG AND CUP OF JADE. THE JUG, INCLUDING THE LID AND CHAIN, WAS CARVED FROM A SINGLE BLOCK; AND THE CUP IS PROVIDED WITH A GOLD SAUCER.

raised platforms, surrounded by amazing treasures—vases, bowls, coins, precious stones, gold, silver, brocades, porcelain. Some were rotted or broken, but most could be restored." The brocades have added most to archaeological knowledge, for until now only small pieces of Ming embroidery [Continued opposite.



WITH ITS DOUBLE DOORS CARVED FROM SINGLE PIECES OF WHITE JADE: THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF THE EMPEROR WAN-LI AND HIS TWO EMPRESSES.



THE JADE DOORS THROWN BACK, THE THREE COFFINS ARE REVEALED—THE EMPEROR'S IN THE CENTRE—WITH ALL KINDS OF TREASURE PILED AROUND THEM.

THE FIRST IMPERIAL MING TOMB TO BE DISCOVERED—THE JADE-DOORED VAULTS OF THE EMPEROR WAN-LI.

Continued. existed. This tomb brought to light, filling up nook, hole and cranny, whole 14-yard bolts of extraordinary workmanship, many of them with the makers' names still on them—the largest complete, uncut pieces known. They are woven of silver and gold with dragons, rabbits, fish, birds, flowers. Inside the coffins they found three skeletons with only the hair intact—and the Emperor's reddish-brown moustache. But each skull carried a high, curved crown, black with gold filigree set with jewels. Next to the Emperor lay another crown entirely of gold. The middle chamber held three carved marble thrones, with dragon designs for the Emperor and smaller phoenixes for the two Empresses. Before each bier stood incense burners, two candlesticks, flower vases and also the "ever-burning lamp," a blue-patterned dragon jar of blue Chia-ching ware, filled with fragrant oil. The lamp must have been lighted when the tomb was closed. The

Emperors hoped they would burn for ever, but, of course, lack of oxygen had extinguished them almost at once. 'The important part of the tomb was the rear chamber where the three red-lacquered coffins (made of nanmu-wood) stood on platforms. Each was enclosed in an outer wooden red-lacquered case or coffin whose bottoms were fitted with four large brass rings, probably to move them. Each coffin was surrounded by large pieces of jade and red-lacquered boxes, most of which had rotted away with damp. But there were traces of helmets, armour and swords inlaid with pearls and jade, a book recording the Emperor's merits and posthumous title, his seals, wooden figures of horses and men, phoenix-hats (bridal head-dresses), and dainty little models of houses.' The tomb was begun in A.D. 1583 (when the Emperor was 23) and took six years to build. It is now to be preserved as a museum.

THE DECCA SYSTEM HAS TWO ELEMENTS, THE LAND BASED TRANSMITTING STATIONS AND THE RECEIVER-DECOMETER SYSTEM, INCLUDING THE FLIGHT LOG IN THE AIRCRAFT. EACH STATION TRANSMITS SPECIAL RADIO SIGNALS WHICH ACTIVATE THE DECOMETER DIALS IN THE AIRCRAFT, DESIGNATED RED, GREEN AND PURPLE, WHOSE VALUE AT ANY TIME DEPENDS ON THE POSITION OF THE AIRCRAFT RELATIVE TO THE GROUND STATIONS.

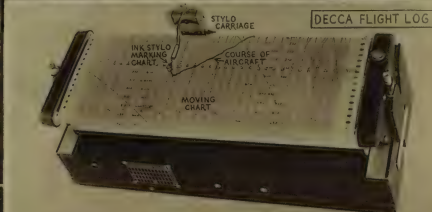


IN THE AIRCRAFT THE COURSE IS EASILY VISIBLE TO THE PILOTS, AS IT IS MARKED BY AN INK STYLO ON THE FLIGHT LOG. EACH CHAIN OF STATIONS PRODUCES A RADIO GRID COVERING 300 MILES RADIUS WHICH ALLOWS THE AIRCRAFT COMPLETE FREEDOM TO MANOEUVRE IN ANY DIRECTION.

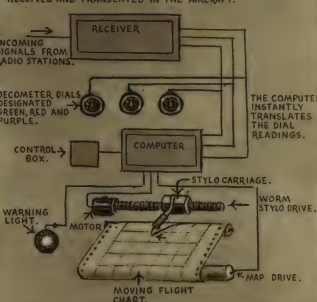


DECCA NAVIGATION SYSTEM

THE DECCA SYSTEM CAN BE USED FOR BOTH SEA AND AIR NAVIGATION FOR USE IN AIRCRAFT THERE IS APPARATUS WHICH GIVES A READING TRACED BY A STYLO SO THAT THE PILOT CAN INSTANTLY SEE HIS POSITION AS HE STEERS ON A PRE-DETERMINED COURSE TO HIS DESTINATION.



THIS SIMPLE DIAGRAM SHOWS HOW THE SIGNALS ARE RECEIVED AND TRANSLATED IN THE AIRCRAFT.



DOUBLE TRACK AIRWAYS GIVING SAFE SEPARATION FOR HIGH FLYING AIRCRAFT CAN BE PROVIDED BY DECCA, USING AIRWAYS ONLY 10 MILES WIDE. TO PROVIDE THE SAME FACILITIES ON THE V.O.R.-D.M.E.T. SYSTEM THE AIRWAYS WOULD HAVE TO BE 56 MILES WIDE.



TWO NAVIGATION AIDS, RECENTLY THE SUBJECT OF CONTROVERSY: THE

Towards the end of February, a conference of the International Civil Aviation Organization, meeting in Montreal, adopted the American-developed V.O.R.-D.M.E.T. system as a standard navigation aid for the world's airlines until the beginning of 1951. The conference gave rise to much controversy, and the United Kingdom delegation withdrew its proposal for the adoption of a British navigation aid, the Decca navigator system, in protest. The views of the special committee which met in Montreal have still to be

considered by other departments of the I.C.A.O. The Decca aid is an area coverage system, radio stations working in groups of four providing a navigational grid over a radius of 300 miles from each master station. The system can be used by ships as well as by aircraft. The radio waves from the four stations intermingle and are received by equipment in the aircraft or ship, which enables a continuous pictorial representation of its course to be given. With its wide coverage, the Decca system allows plenty of freedom in navigation.

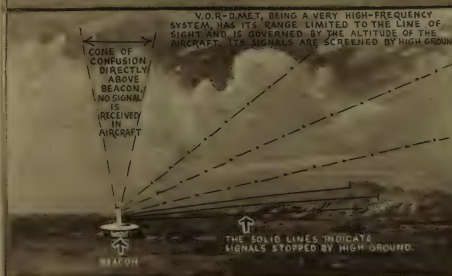
Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.A.A.,

V.O.R.-D.M.E.T. AIR NAVIGATION SYSTEM

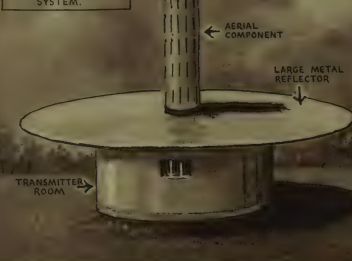
AS THIS IS A POINT-SOURCE SYSTEM ONLY ONE AIRCRAFT AT EACH HEIGHT CAN FLY IN THE CORRIDOR, CAUSING CROWDING, WHICH IS A POTENTIAL SOURCE OF DANGER.



THERE ARE TWO DIALS PLACED ON THE AIRCRAFT'S INSTRUMENT PANEL, THAT ON LEFT GIVES BEARING AND THE ONE ON THE RIGHT INDICATES THE DISTANCE TO THE BEACON.



THE BEACON USED IN THE V.O.R.-D.M.E.T. SYSTEM.



IN THE AIRCRAFT THE V.O.R.-D.M.E.T. DIALS HAVE TO TAKE THEIR PLACE AMONGST THE NUMEROUS OTHER DIALS ON THE INSTRUMENT PANEL.



TODAY JET POWERED AIRCRAFT MUST FLY AT A HIGHER LEVEL THAN AIRCRAFT WITH PISTON ENGINES IN ORDER TO CONSERVE THEIR FUEL AND WATER COMING IN TO LAND HAVE TO PASS THROUGH THE HOLDING POSITIONS OF THE SLOWER PISTON AIRCRAFT. ONLY AN AREA COVERAGE SYSTEM WITH PICTORIAL PRESENTATION CAN ALLOW FOR THIS IN SAFETY.



BRITISH DECCA SYSTEM AND THE ADOPTED AMERICAN V.O.R.-D.M.E.T. SYSTEM.

and is particularly valuable for jet air services. To operate economically, jet airliners fly in a relatively narrow band of altitudes, and the Decca system facilitates the lateral separation of the aircraft that is thus necessary for safety. In the V.O.R.-D.M.E.T. (very high frequency omnidirectional range-distance measuring equipment) system, radio beacons are placed at intervals along routes in general use for short-haul services. By means of radio signals between ground and aircraft, the pilot is shown on two dials the

direction and distance of the beacon towards which he is flying. The system is not suitable for ships. The pilot flies from beacon to beacon until his destination is reached. The system has the limitation that it does not permit the lateral separation of jet airliners, or other aircraft, which is possible with Decca, as aircraft are canalised towards each beacon. While the Decca system can be used down to ground- or sea-level, the V.O.R.-D.M.E.T. signals can be cut off by high ground between the beacon and the aircraft.

with the co-operation of the Decca Navigator Co. Ltd.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

WIND ON THE HEATH.

OCCASIONALLY—if you are very lucky and don't go about with your head in a sack, and manage to preserve a certain freshness of eye—occasionally I say, and hardly more than once every year, or may be, on reflection, every three years, you are confronted by some painting or sculpture which without warning has an extraordinarily stimulating effect upon you.

This may not be a work of art which the world would readily label "important" (by which is often meant merely expensive) or which has any particular meaning for art historians. It can be, and very frequently is, a comparatively minor piece, and not necessarily by a very great master. I can think back with extraordinary pleasure to moments when this kind of enjoyment has come my way; one or two two-penny-half-penny anonymous Italian Primitives in an exhibition in Paris put together from odds and ends from French provincial museums; my first sight of mosaics in Ravenna; a little Renoir landscape, not by any means a grand affair, seen as long ago as the 1920's at Reid and Lefevre's—"Le Coup de Vent," wherein a stiff breeze sweeps over long grass—which in due course was left to the Fitzwilliam Museum by its owner, Mr. Hindley Smith, and was joyfully welcomed at the Cambridge Treasures Exhibition at Goldsmiths' Hall recently. All these and many more I would cheerfully declare at some celestial Customs barrier as memorable pieces of the mind's baggage, and now I am able to add to them another, the painting of the illustration, which I saw for the first time a few days ago.

On the whole I should say that thanks to the praises of pretty well everyone during the past hundred years the name of John Crome is honoured by many thousands who rarely trouble to look at his paintings. It is extremely easy to take him for granted, partly because he very obviously owes a great deal to the Dutch seventeenth-century landscape painters, particularly Ruisdael and Hobbema, partly because we have been told from infancy that he was the Father of the Norwich School. When that kind of ponderous label becomes attached to a man, we are tempted to set him on so high a pedestal that we cannot discern his features. Moreover the label, unlike so many labels, is accurate; he had innumerable artistic children (in addition to the eight or nine conceived and born in the ordinary way), among them George Vincent and James Stark; the latter died just a century ago and went to the grammar school at Norwich with John Crome's eldest son, John Berney Crome, who sometimes comes very near to his father's work.

But there were two other boys at the school at the same time who were destined to become famous in very different ways: they were both in John Crome's drawing class. One was young Brooke—later to carve out a kingdom for himself as Raja Brooke of Sarawak; the other was George Borrow, whose "Bible in Spain" is surely a masterpiece for all its lack of plan—perhaps a masterpiece for that very reason?—and whose "Lavengro" is rated by many good critics as even more impressive. I confess I find Borrow's bubbling loquacity difficult to support for lengthy sessions. He was not, it would appear, greatly interested in painting, but here is something he wrote in "Lavengro"—that is, in 1851, thirty years after John Crome's death at the age of fifty-two—which is memorable: "... the little dark man with the brown coat and the top-boots whose name will one day be considered the

and professional, in a place which, up till then—1803, when the Norwich Society began—had no special connection with painting. And yet, within twenty years, the Society had exhibited 4600 pictures by 323 persons, many of them, not unnaturally, amateurs. Needless to say, it is a pleasant task to be able to illustrate for the first time a hitherto unrecorded Crome landscape of the first quality—something which can, without exaggeration, be compared with the famous "Mousehold Heath." It is the main, though by no means the only, attraction at the exhibition of Old Masters which opens at Colnaghi's on Wednesday next.

Most of us have fairly definite notions as to what we mean when we speak of the Norwich School. To some it brings to mind Cotman's water-colours before anything else; to others the great oaks and quiet woodlands of John Crome and his numerous followers; to yet others the wheries and waterways of the Yare. To me—lovely though all these things are—it means the wide skies and rough heaths in the city's neighbourhood, with an April sky of sun and rain-cloud as here, and with the wind sweeping across the picture. In that George Borrow, the gipsy lover, would have agreed with me; indeed, I'm sorry I cannot interview his shade to have his opinion of this newly-discovered work by the man he admired so much. (It turned up in a London sale-room last year, very dirty, and was sold for a few hundred pounds.)

Good painters don't always make good teachers and good teachers are not always able to take their own advice. Here, in this nobly subtle landscape, I suggest that John Crome has completely followed the counsel he gave to his pupil James Stark in the famous letter he wrote to him in 1816: "Breadth must be attended to; if you paint but a muscle" (Mr. Collins Baker, forty years ago, suggested Crome meant "mussel") "give it breadth, your doing the same by the sky, making parts broad and of a good shape, that they may come in with your composition, forming one grand plan of light and shade; this must always please a good eye and keep the attention of the spectator and give delight to everyone." And how refreshing and old-fashioned to have a man assert that the business of a painter is to give delight, and not to preach a sermon or probe the unconscious.

Other delights in the same exhibition are numerous and of several categories. Among portraits an early Allan Ramsay (1744) is wonderfully accomplished and so, in a more intimate manner, is Reynolds' sketch of the Chinese Tan Chitqua who was in London in 1769-72 and appears in Zoffany's painting of "The Life School" in the Royal Collection.



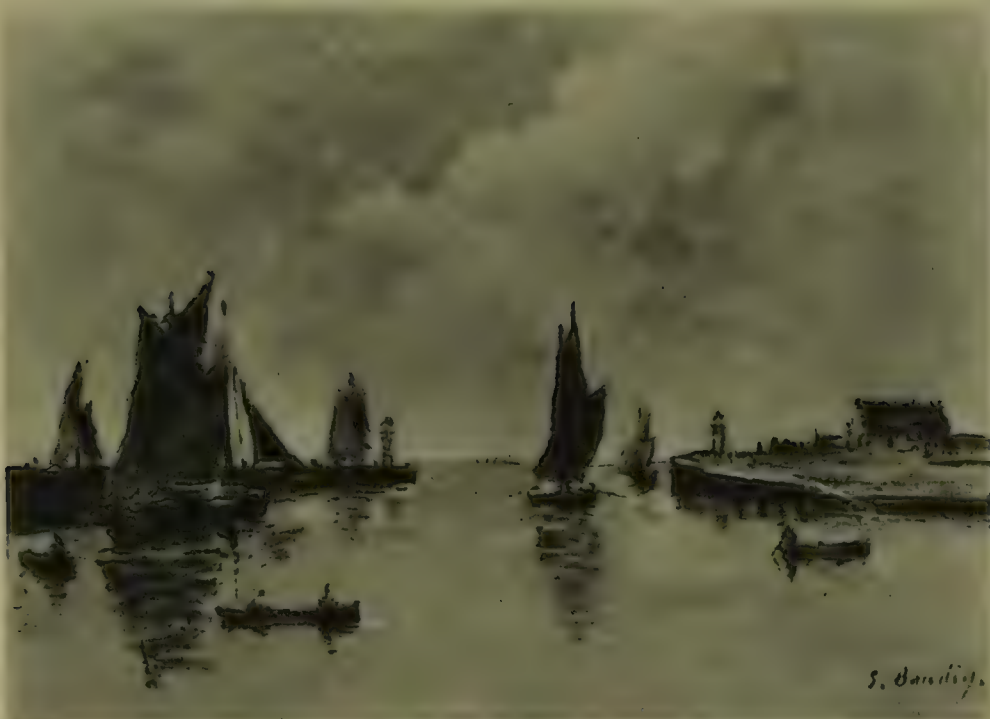
"GIPSY ENCAMPMENT," BY JOHN CROME (1769-1821): A WONDERFULLY PEACEFUL AND DIGNIFIED LANDSCAPE BY THE MASTER OF THE NORWICH SCHOOL, WHICH IS THE SUBJECT OF THE ARTICLE BY FRANK DAVIS ON THIS PAGE. THE PICTURE IS IN THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY OLD MASTERS ON VIEW AT MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI FROM APRIL 15 UNTIL MAY 15. (Oil on canvas: 29½ by 45 ins.)

chief ornament of the old town [i.e., Norwich] and whose works will at no distant period rank amongst the proudest pictures of England." It was a prophecy which has long since come true, and so vividly phrased that it sticks in the mind.

As to the life of Crome himself, it is an extraordinary story of a man literally pulling himself up by his own shoestrings. He began as errand-boy to a doctor, then in 1783 was apprenticed to a coach- and sign-painter, serving for the normal seven years. He was befriended by various people in the neighbourhood who owned fine paintings, and by the time he was thirty was able to make a living as a drawing master. The first man to help him appears to have been Thomas Harvey, of Catton, where he is said to have copied a Gainsborough and a Hobbema. He was particularly friendly with the Gurneys and accompanied the family to the Lakes and to Wales. He became drawing master at Norwich Grammar School in 1813, but there is nothing in the bare recital of this comparatively brief life in a provincial city to explain the man's achievement, still less his influence.

It is one thing to be a fine painter, another to found and inspire a whole school, both amateur

19TH AND 20TH-CENTURY FRENCH PAINTINGS IN LONDON: A VARIED EXHIBITION.



"PORT DE TROUVILLE," BY E. BOUDIN (1824-1898): FROM THE EXHIBITION "PARIS-LONDRES" ON VIEW AT TOOTH'S UNTIL APRIL 25. (Oil on panel: 9½ by 13 ins.)



"LA FERME AU GRAND CHAUME, ETRETAT," BY J. B. C. COROT (1796-1875): ONE OF THE ARTIST'S LATE CANVASES, PAINTED IN 1872. (Oil on canvas: 19½ by 24 ins.)



"LA ROUTE D'ALBANO," BY A. DERAIN (1880-1954): AN OUTSTANDING CANVAS PAINTED IN 1921 DURING THE ARTIST'S ONLY VISIT TO ITALY. (Oil on canvas: 19½ by 24½ ins.)



"STUDIES FOR 'PETITE DANSEUSE DE QUATORZE ANS'," BY E. DEGAS (1834-1917): A DELIGHTFUL DRAWING OF A FAVOURITE SUBJECT. (Chalk drawing: 18½ by 23 ins.)



"LE CHEMIN DE LA MALOCHE," BY J.-P. LAURENS: A CHARMING AND INTIMATE LANDSCAPE FROM THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT TOOTH'S. (Oil on canvas: 19½ by 25½ ins.)



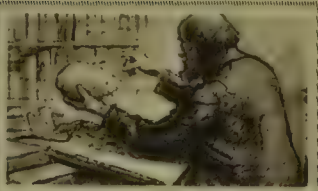
"L'ABREUVOIR," BY H. HARPIGNIES (1819-1916): THE SMALLER OF TWO CANVASES BY HARPIGNIES IN THE EXHIBITION, PAINTED c. 1860. (Oil on canvas: 7½ by 11 ins.)

That a well-chosen collection of French paintings of the last 100 years can be among the most varied and interesting of art exhibitions is amply born out by the thirty-two paintings which are now on view at Arthur Tooth and Sons, Ltd., 31, Bruton Street, London, until April 25. In this collection the leading Impressionists are represented by only one work, a wonderfully delicate chalk study by Degas for his "Petite Danseuse de Quatorze Ans"; but this neglect of the most outstanding artists of those years throws a most happy emphasis on their predecessors and successors. Only one work is of a still earlier

era; "Gladiateur," by Géricault: otherwise the pre-Impressionist period is chiefly represented by five Boudins, two characteristic landscapes by Harpignies, a delightful winter scene by Courbet, and a few paintings by Corot and Jongkind. Among the more modern pictures, there is a most striking landscape by Derain painted during his visit to Italy in 1921, and a strong and colourful Utrillo painted in 1915. Léger, Friesz, Picasso and Braque have one canvas each, and the three works by Dufy include a well-known Ascot subject and a delightful warm interior, "La Fenêtre Ouverte."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MUSCOVY DRAKE SEES RED.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A FEW weeks ago on this page quotations were given from readers' experiences which suggested that birds can recognise people by their faces. Recalling briefly what was said then; anyone in the habit of feeding a wild bird in the garden will find that it recognises its benefactor no matter what clothes he may be wearing. This principle may not hold true for women, merely because they are apt to have more colourful clothing, and birds, or some birds at least, can be



WITH CREST RAISED AND THROAT PUFFED OUT AGGRESSIVELY: THE HEAD OF A MUSCOVY DRAKE, SHOWING THE BARE FACE WITH RED WATTLES.

highly sensitive to certain colours. The experiences of Mrs. Stéphanie Ryder, of Godalming, are a good illustration of this.

Mrs. Ryder has muscovy ducks, and at the time in question she had a drake and several ducks of this species. The muscovy is native to tropical America but has been widely domesticated. The name is a corruption of musk-duck and has nothing to do with Russia. The bird itself is larger than a mallard, has a small crest, and its general colour is glossy green, almost black, to brownish-black, but under domestication there can be a good deal of white in the plumage, and some birds are wholly white. The one constant feature in the colouring is the bare face with red wattles. Another constant feature is the well-developed claws on the feet.

As might be expected with domesticated birds, these ducks were quite tame. They were, in fact, family pets, but there was one occasion when Mrs. Ryder went to feed them, and instead of the usual harmonious atmosphere associated with such visits, she found herself being attacked by the drake. There were other occasions when this happened, and to show that this was no mistake or unpremeditated attack, here is a full description of the muscovy drake going into action.

In the first phase, he would begin by wagging his tail. His wings would widen across his back and the feathers on the flanks would be fluffed out. At the same time he would shoot his head forward and back, hissing loudly. These were only premonitory symptoms, and he would pause every now and then to shake himself several times. Presumably, if facing a rival of his own species these tactics would serve as a warning that

something more would happen if the rival failed to withdraw. Faced with a human subject, curious to see what more would follow, the drake entered upon phase two.

He would walk round in decreasing circles, and when at last he had come to close quarters with his "enemy," he would face her with his crest rising and falling, frequently rubbing his face on his back, first to one side, then to the other, following this with sideways movements of the head, as if answering in the negative, and then his throat would swell while he yammered and exhaled loudly. If the "enemy" still held her ground, he would stab two or three times viciously with the closed beak, at his own head-level (or knee-level when the target of the stabs is an adult human).

Although at first Mrs. Ryder elected to withdraw at this stage, she chose on subsequent occasions to see what would happen if she braved it out and stood her ground. This provoked stage three of the attack. The drake would spread his wings to the ground, curl his claws in until the webs of his feet were lifted off the ground, and as soon as this springboard was adjusted to the proper angle he would fly at her head, clawing at her and beating her with his wings. At the same time he would grab at her with open beak "seizing beakful of flesh and biting with astonishing strength of jaw." When she managed to disengage and throw him to the ground, he would revert somewhat to the previous phase, walking rapidly

and curiosity to know why. She suspected the clothes she was then wearing might be the cause. These were a red jumper and blue skirt. The second phase consisted of testing this idea by going out at intervals wearing these clothes. The third phase consisted of standing her ground, despite injuries, to see how far the stimulus provided by the sight of the red jumper would take the drake in its aggressiveness. Meanwhile, she kept careful notes of what took place. Perhaps a fourth phase might be added: when she offered to repeat the performance so that a series of photographs might be taken to serve as a record.

A number of experiments have been made to test the reactions of birds, and also of fishes and lizards, to particular colours. One of the subjects is the robin redbreast. If a male robin enters the territory of another, the owner of the territory will advance and, raising his head so that the beak points to the sky, display the red patch on throat and breast. That is phase one. If the intruder shows no sign of going, the owner of the territory will wave his head from side to side. This is phase two. Phase three is when, the intruder having failed to go, but instead has raised his head to show his red patch, there is an attack with the beak.

I have watched dozens of these displays between two robins, and none has developed into a fight. Quoting Tinbergen ("The Study of Instinct": page 177): "Now it is a very striking and important fact that 'fighting' in animals usually consists of threatening or bluff... fighting has its disadvantages as well as its advantages as a means of maintenance. It is... of advantage to keep individuals well spaced out; however, it is a distinct disadvantage when individuals are actually damaged or killed, and thus excluded from reproduction."

Experiments have shown that the breast feathers only, removed from a dead robin and set up in the territory of a live robin, will provoke attack. It is not the sight of a rival but the visual stimulus of a particular colour which provokes the attack. In the green lizard the male's throat is blue and it will provoke attack from another male. When the male's throat is experimentally painted green, the same colour as in the female, the other male will not attack but will go into a courtship display.

How then does a male robin know a female robin, since both sexes have the same plumage? He will go into phase one, showing his red breast, but she will react in a submissive manner, instead

of showing, as a male would, signs of belligerence. Phase one, therefore, serves not only as an initial warning to an intruding male but also to distinguish between male and female. The same would be true of the red face of the muscovy duck, since the female also has it. Had Mrs. Ryder not stood her ground the attack would have died down after the first warning, but not so completely as it would have done where a female muscovy was concerned: for the following reason. The purpose of the raised crest, blowing out the throat, moving the head from side to side, as well as other elements in the muscovy drake's display, is to give an impression of greater size. It also makes more conspicuous the red face, as the side-to-side movement of the robin's head gives an impression of increased size in the red breast. The red jumper was an outsized stimulus to the muscovy drake's aggressiveness.



IN AN ALL-OUT ATTACK: A MUSCOVY DRAKE BITING AT THE RED JUMPER WORN BY MRS. RYDER. EXPERIMENTS DESCRIBED BY DR. BURTON ON THIS PAGE SHOWED THAT RED CLOTHING STIMULATED THE MALE BIRD TO ATTACK THE VISITOR, WHO WOULD NORMALLY HAVE BEEN RECEIVED WITHOUT ANY SIGNS OF AGITATION.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

around, throwing his head this way and that, his crest rising and falling, using intimidation tactics. To quote Mrs. Ryder's own words: "If one stands one's ground, he will attack from behind from about four feet distance. The claws can inflict deep skin cuts which bleed profusely. Bare arms can receive fearful injuries. The attacks by the beak cannot be called pecks; it is a deliberate taking in the beak and squeezing. Of course, in another bird it would only be feathers to take hold of—it is to my cost that he takes flesh. Each beak wound breaks the top skin and causes a circular weal almost an inch across."

The three phases take about ten minutes to complete.

There were three phases, also, to Mrs. Ryder's approach to this problem. The first was surprise at being threatened by an otherwise tame bird

SOME NOTABLE PERSONALITIES
OF THE WEEK.PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE
AND EVENTS OF NOTE.

TO BE COMMISSIONER FOR
NORTHERN NIGERIA: MALLAM
ABBA GANA.

Mallam Abba Gana, the new Commissioner for Northern Nigeria, arrived in London on March 31. He has held a variety of posts in Press and public relations offices in Northern Nigeria. In 1958 he became acting clerk to the Regional Legislator, a position he held until his present appointment.



AN ENGLAND FULL-BACK: THE
LATE MR. JEFFREY HALL.

The Birmingham City and England full-back, Mr. Jeffrey Hall, died on April 4, aged twenty-nine. He had been taken ill with poliomyelitis two weeks before. For seventeen successive internationals he shared England's defence with Byrne: during this sequence only one match was lost. Byrne was a victim of the Munich air disaster.



A GREAT PATHOLOGIST:
THE LATE SIR ROBERT MUIR.

Sir Robert Muir, who died on March 30, aged 94, was Professor of Pathology at the University of St. Andrews in 1898-99, and at Glasgow from 1899 until 1936. He was one of the outstanding pathologists of his generation and did pioneer work in the fields of bacteriology and immunology. His books on pathology and bacteriology have become standard works.



A MASTER OF DETECTIVE NOVELS:
THE LATE MR. RAYMOND
CHANDLER.

Mr. Raymond Chandler, who died on March 26, was well known for his tough thrillers with their idealistic hero, the detective Philip Marlowe. His stories, with their "downbeat" atmosphere, were skilfully constructed and portrayed corruption in the big city. Many of his books were filmed.



A DISTINGUISHED ECONOMIST:
THE LATE M. ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED.

M. André Siegfried, the political critic and economist, died on March 29, aged eighty-three. During an active and long career he became an expert on both French and world affairs. His publications were numerous, and since 1945 he had been a regular contributor to *Le Figaro*. He was elected a Fellow of All Souls in 1927.



(Left.)
AN ABLE DIPLOMAT:
THE LATE SIR D.
KELLY.

Sir David Kelly, who died on March 27, was British Ambassador in Moscow from 1949 to 1951. During his diplomatic career he occupied many posts demanding great tact and skill. He was Minister to Egypt before the war, Minister in Berne in 1942 and 1943, and afterwards Ambassador in Buenos Aires and Turkey.



RECORD-BREAKERS IN THE 124-MILE CANOE RACE FROM DEVIZES, WILTSHIRE, TO WESTMINSTER: LIEUTENANT S. SYRAD AND CORPORAL T. J. SHENTON. By covering the course in a net time of 23 hrs. 17½ mins. Syrad and Shenton, of the Royal Marines, broke the record which was set up in 1951. First to finish the course were the Royal Marine Sergeants J. Edmonds and G. R. Howe, who recorded a time of 23 hrs. 29½ mins.

(Right.)
NEW DIRECTOR OF
LOCUST RESEARCH:
DR. T. H. C. TAYLOR.

Dr. Taylor, who succeeded Dr. B. P. Uvarov as Director of the Anti-Locust Research Centre at the end of March, joined the Centre in 1953. While he was in the Colonial Service—in Uganda and Fiji—he specialised in the control of insect pests. During 1944-53 he worked in the Commonwealth Institute of Entomology.



(Left.)
DEATH OF A FORMER
ADJUTANT-GENERAL.
General Sir Colville
Wemyss died on
April 2. In 1940
and 1941 he was
Adjutant-General to
the Forces, and from
1942 to 1946 Military
Secretary to the
Secretary of State for
War. During the
First World War he
was awarded the
D.S.O. and M.C., and,
as head of the Signals
in Palestine, was a
Brevet Lieut.-Colonel
at twenty-six.

(Right.)
A NEW SUB-DEAN
OF WESTMINSTER
APPOINTED.

Canon Adam Fox, who is seventy-five, has been appointed Sub-Dean of Westminster. A former Warden of Radley College, Canon Fox was Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1938 to 1943. Since 1951 he has been Archdeacon of Westminster, closely concerned with raising funds for the Abbey's preservation.



BRITAIN'S NEW WIGHTMAN
CUP CAPTAIN: MRS. BEATRICE
WALTER.

Mrs. Beatrice Walter has been a leading player in England in post-war years. She has captained the Middlesex County side since 1956 and is an outstanding doubles player. This year she will take Britain's team to the United States to defend the Cup which was won in June 1958 after an interval of twenty-eight years.



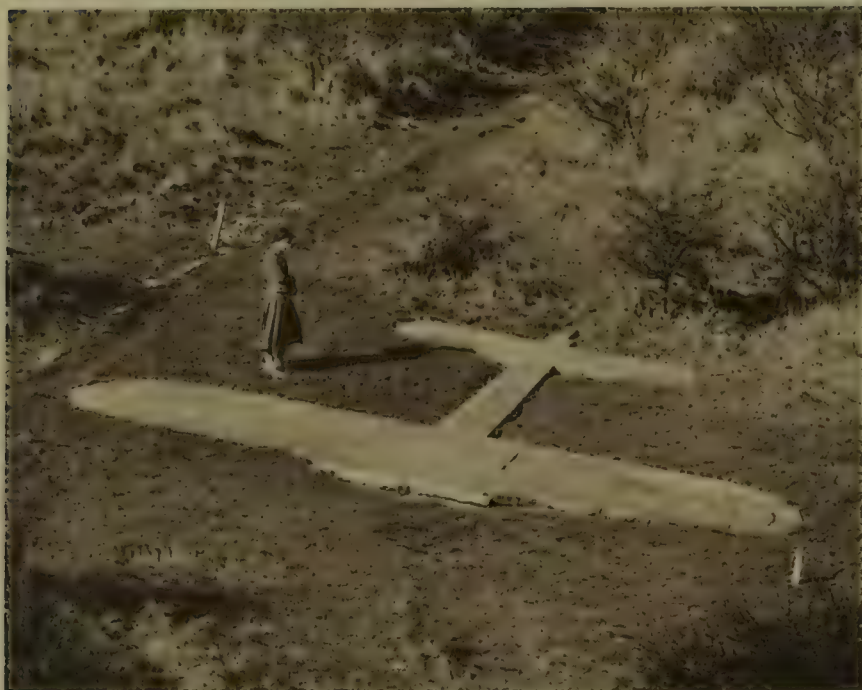
FOR THE LARGEST CATCH: THE RT. HON. JOHN HARE PRESENTS THE SILVER COD TROPHY TO SKIPPER LEWIS. At the Silver Cod Dinner, held on March 19 at the Fishmongers' Hall, the Minister of Agriculture presented the trophy awarded to the trawler with the best catch of the previous year. This is the second successive win of Skipper Lewis, of the *Lord Beatty*.



PAYING A SIX-DAY VISIT TO GREAT BRITAIN: MRS. ROOSEVELT (RIGHT) IS WELCOMED BY LADY READING. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, the widow of the former United States President, arrived in London from Paris on April 3. She was met at London Airport by Lady Reading. During her six-day visit she appeared in "Press Conference" on B.B.C. Television.



TO CAPTAIN BRITAIN IN THE
DAVIS CUP: JOHN BARRETT. John Barrett, who is twenty-seven, is one of the youngest players ever to be chosen as captain for Britain's Davis Cup team. Barrett was R.A.F. champion in 1950 and 1951 and played for Cambridge University from 1952 to 1954. Since then he has represented Britain in the Davis Cup and has been a leading player in this country.

FROM BLERIOT TO THE *LIGHTNING*: RECENT AERONAUTICAL NEWS.

TO UNDERGO RESTORATION WORK FOR THE BLERIOT JUBILEE CELEBRATION IN JULY: THE BLERIOT MEMORIAL AT NORTHFALL, DOVER, KENT. The Blériot memorial, situated where the famous pioneer aviator landed after making the first cross-Channel flight on July 25, 1909, is to be prepared by the Royal Aero Club and by Alexander Duckham and Co. Ltd.—whose founder erected the memorial and was closely associated with Blériot—in readiness for the forthcoming jubilee celebrations.



LONDON'S FIRST PLANNED HELICOPTER TERMINAL, TO BE OPENED ON APRIL 23: A VIEW OF THE COMPLETED LANDING STAGE ON THE THAMES-SIDE AT BATTERSEA.

The London "Heliport" which is being built by Westland Aircraft Ltd. is now nearly complete and the opening has been arranged for April 23. Mr. Hay, Joint Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, will perform the inauguration.



MR. MACMILLAN'S VISIT TO THE R.A.F. STATION, COTTESMORE, RUTLAND: THE PREMIER INSPECTING THE FIRESTREAK ARMAMENT OF A JAVELIN AIRCRAFT.



AFTER INSPECTING THE COCKPIT OF A LIGHTNING, ONE OF THE LATEST BRITISH FIGHTERS: ANOTHER SCENE DURING THE PREMIER'S VISIT TO COTTESMORE.



MR. MACMILLAN AT CRANWELL: SIXTEEN VAMPIRE TRAINING AIRCRAFT FLY OVER THE R.A.F. COLLEGE AS THE PRIME MINISTER BEGAN HIS INSPECTION OF THE CADETS.

On April 1, the R.A.F.'s forty-first anniversary, Mr. Macmillan visited the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, Lincs., and the R.A.F. Station at Cottesmore, Rutland. At Cranwell, he stressed the importance of Cranwell's rôle in the future and announced the Government's decision to



MR. MACMILLAN INSPECTING THE CADETS AT THE R.A.F. COLLEGE, CRANWELL, DURING HIS VISIT ON APRIL 1.

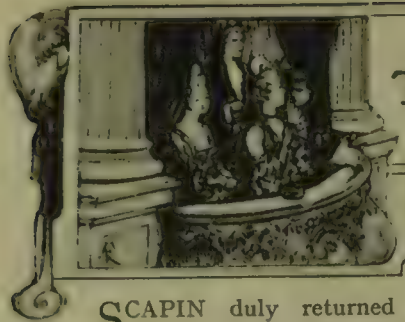
expand the College. From Cranwell he flew to Cottesmore, where he saw the R.A.F.'s latest aircraft, weapons and secret equipment. During the visit, the Prime Minister operated an alarm signal and in just under 4 minutes four Victor bombers took to the air in record time.



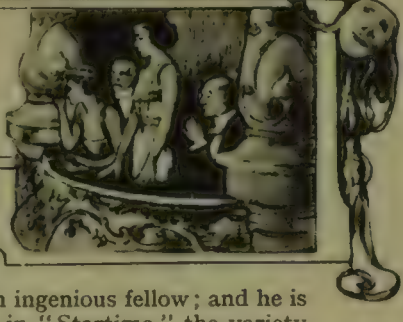
GENERAL FRANCO'S HUGE MEMORIAL TO THE FALLEN OF THE CIVIL WAR: THE SCENE AT THE OPENING ON APRIL 1.

The impressive memorial to the victims of the Spanish Civil War—situated some 30 miles to the north of Madrid—was inaugurated by General Franco, at whose order it was built, on April 1, the twentieth anniversary of the end of the war. The memorial, situated high in a remote valley of the Guadarrama Mountains and known as the Valley of the Fallen, consists of a vast underground cathedral and mausoleum, hewn out of the rock and surmounted by a cross—standing above the cathedral dome—some 500 ft. high. To the mausoleum are to be brought for reburial remains of those who fought on

both sides during the Civil War, in which a million people are estimated to have died. The memorial has been costly to build, and its construction—in which political prisoners are said to have assisted—has taken sixteen years. Among the Nationalist remains placed in the mausoleum before the inauguration were those of the founder of the Spanish Fascist Party (the Falange), José Antonio Primo de Rivera, which were ceremoniously transferred from the famous Escorial, built by King Philip II some 400 years ago and containing a Royal mausoleum, which is situated ten miles away.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



INGENIOUS FELLOWS

By J. C. TREWIN.

SCAPIN duly returned to us the other night in the form of Robert Hirsch, of the Comédie Française. It was a performance of so much spirit, and acrobatic enjoyment that I half expected M. Hirsch to take a flying, flashing leap down the stalls and end by nestling in my neck. Not that anyone—



FRANKIE VAUGHAN—IN CHARACTERISTIC POSE—WHO TOPS THE BILL IN "STARTIME," AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM. "IF ONE OF MR. VAUGHAN'S EYELASHES WAGERS," WRITES JOHN TREWIN, HIS GIRL FANS IN THE AUDIENCE SET UP A "SQUEALING THAT MAY REMIND US OF ATMOSPHERICS ON AN ILL-TUNED RADIO SET, OR OF PIGLETS DOWN ON THE FARM." ("STARTIME" OPENED ON MARCH 30.)

myself excepted, perhaps—would have minded this, for "Scapin" is that sort of play. And I imagine that, in the event, I might have shaken myself with ruffled dignity and emitted a rusty laugh.

This reminds me that it is some little time since I have been in a stage audience where the person close to me is an important part of the play, or at least an Angry Voice. One of our most delightful actresses all but trod me in the dust long ago when she skirmished out of her seat to join a crowd in protest on the stage. But those bruises are forgotten. Nobody now—unless affiliated to the Crazy Gang, or perhaps such a singer as Mr. Frankie Vaughan—seems anxious to go on an off-stage prow. Who remembers, I wonder, the good old days when police guarded the exits, and we were told there had been a murder in the theatre? It was part of the play, of course, but for ten minutes we found ourselves like Pirandello characters, wondering whether we were indeed ourselves, and, if so, why.

Still, that is some distance from "Les Fourberies de Scapin" at the Princes, and from M. Hirsch's performance. This confined itself within the frame of the stage, even though a bit of the bamboo with which Scapin was cudgelling Geronde did splinter off into the stalls. Scapin seemed here to be a blend of acrobat and ballet-dancer; he was gymnast and mimic, and, at the end, almost a puppet-doll. Certainly, when Scapin lay tumbled on the parapet, his arms dangling down to us, we were able almost to see the sawdust trickling. Enjoyable in its wild fashion; but I am beginning to think that too many nights with "Scapin" would leave me slumped in my seat. Agreed, Molière's farce is cheerfulness itself. Yet we do weary a little of its ceaseless battering.

I did not weary of Jacques Sereys, the pantaloone Geronde who is banged and tumbled about within the sack. M. Sereys, wizened and drab, with one tooth and an occasional death's-head

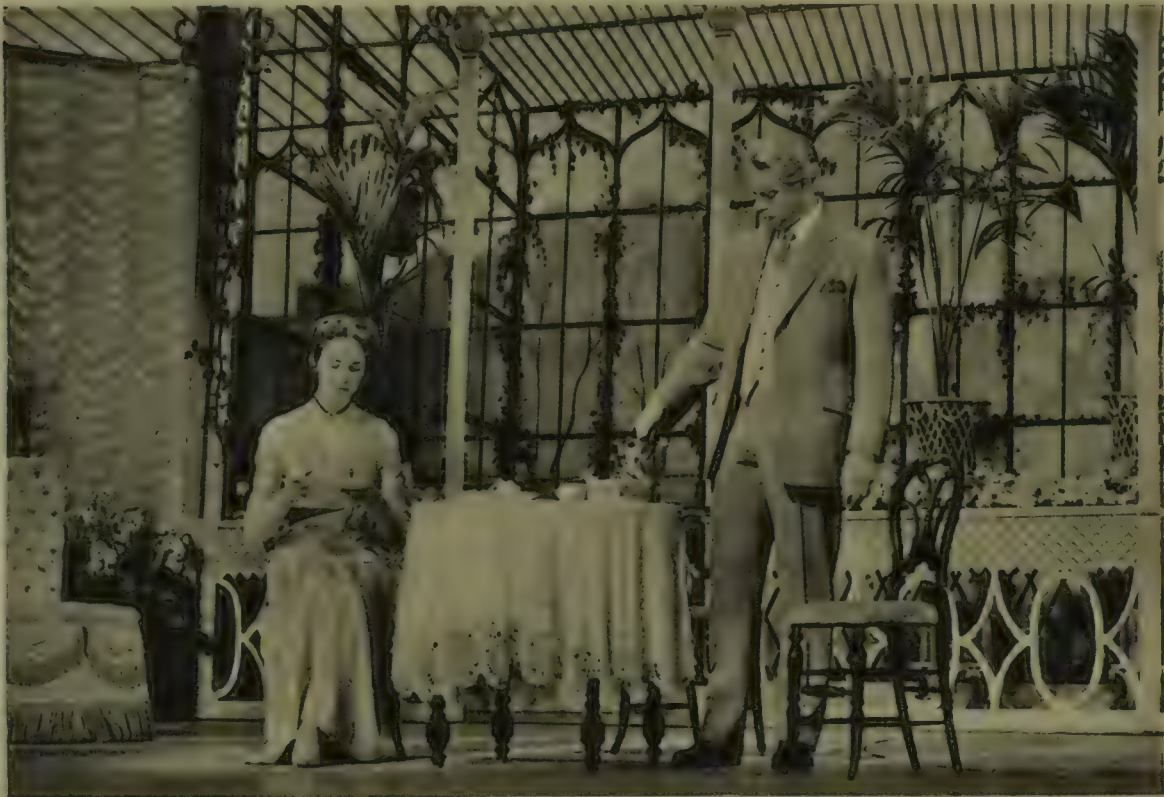
grin, now fluttered like a terrified crane-fly, and now broke into senile nursery tantrums. It was both preposterous and persuasive. The stare with which he fixed his tormentor on emerging, just too soon, from the sack, had the deadliness of that last split second before the burning fuse ignites the gunpowder. Time rested: then the explosion came, but not with a boom and a blaze; rather, with a splintering, spluttering crackle. I would like very much to see M. Sereys as Gremio in "The Taming of the Shrew": I fancy that he would make more of that old Italian fox than the modern theatre has shown to us.

Micheline Boudet, as Zerbinette, set the house laughing merely by laughing herself. This can be perilous in the theatre. Nothing is more embarrassing than to watch a player in the stranglehold of some purely artificial mirth: one wonders when the noise will stop. But Mlle. Boudet's mirth sounded genuine: it set the house off, and one wave succeeded another while Zerbinette laughed and laughed. For that, for Scapin's agility, and in particular for M. Sereys, I shall cherish this last Comédie performance. Even so, I am likely to pigeon-hole the night, in particular, for its curtain-raiser, Alfred de Musset's "Un Caprice." This anecdote entered the repertory in 1847, and since then it has rarely been without an audience. It is a trifle, but one that needs the most exact technical command, and I found it a refreshment to watch and to listen to Lise Delamare as the coquette who teaches a lesson to her friend's thoughtless husband. "I will never forget," he says as the curtain falls, "that a young parson makes the best sermons."

Vaughan is an ingenious fellow; and he is what matters in "Startime," the variety programme directed by Robert Nesbitt. I call Mr. Vaughan ingenious because, with the shoddiest material, he contrives to hold the stage for half an hour or so. The audience is ready-made. Round the house, girls shrill and squeak. If one of Mr. Vaughan's eyelashes wavers, there is a squealing that may remind us of atmospherics on an ill-tuned radio set, or of piglets down on the farm.

The occasion, though it has little to do with art, does have something of the attraction of a primitive rite. The singer cannot really help it. He has his microphone; he works through song after song, all droning and treacling and tumptyng, all about moonlight or kisses or nights for romance, and he has his set of passionate adorers. Personally, he looks thoroughly amiable; he can command a stage; and no doubt his voice could be put to better use. The night is worth experiencing for the reason that one sits through a night with Sinatra or Johnnie Ray: it is among the curiosities of our period. And I am quick to add that the rest of the programme is rather more than a prelude to Mr. Vaughan. A comedian, Joe Church, covers an assault-course of moderately funny stories at a cracking pace. (He will also produce a length of chain merely to tell us that he is a chain-smoker.)

To say that Patric Dickinson is ingenious is to speak lightly indeed of one of the truest modern poets, a writer whose phrases linger when more aggressive (and more transient) work has faded into darkness. He has not yet written much for



THE NEW PROFESSOR HIGGINS IN "MY FAIR LADY": ALEC CLUNES, IN A SCENE WITH ELIZA (JULIE ANDREWS). ALEC CLUNES TOOK OVER THE PART AT DRURY LANE ON MARCH 30 FROM REX HARRISON, WHO HAD PLAYED THE ROLE FOR OVER THREE YEARS, FIRST IN NEW YORK AND, SINCE LAST SPRING, IN LONDON.

Mlle. Delamare was so firmly in period that—if one had not recalled her poise in "Les Femmes Savantes" during the previous week—one might well have imagined that, after every performance of "Un Caprice," she remained locked away in the France of Louis Philippe until needed again.

There are (as you will agree) few obvious links between the Comédie Française and the London Palladium. Still, like Scapin, the singer Frankie

the theatre; I imagine it will not be long before his play, "The Golden Touch," just put on at the mobile Century Theatre—settled at present in Wolverhampton—will be staged elsewhere.

It is a symbolic fantasy (called "a love story") of the modern world. A new Midas receives the deadly power once granted to the Phrygian King. But some plays defy compression in a paragraph. It is enough for me to suggest that Mr. Dickinson's work, a glitter of ideas, a glitter of phrases, is something that needs to be heard and watched in performance. Although I am glad that Eric Salmon, whose adventurous vigour is unfailing, staged "The Golden Touch" for his Century season, I am sorry that the acting was not better. What we had was a sincerely-managed sketch of a play that needs much consideration and resource. Its time, I am sure, will come.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"GHOSTS" (Princes).—Flora Robson and Sir Donald Wolfit (as Manders) in the Old Vic production, presented now by Peter Daubeny. (April 6.)
 "OTHELLO" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Paul Robeson and Sam Wanamaker as Othello and Iago in the season's first Festival production. (April 7.)
 "BRAND" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—An Ibsen rarity, with Patrick McGeehan. (April 8.)



THE OLD AND THE NEW: THE PORTICOED ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, WITH THE NEW NUFFIELD COLLEGE OF SURGICAL SCIENCE NEXT DOOR.

LAUNCHING AN APPEAL FOR £3,000,000 : THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.



INSIDE THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS: CANDIDATES FOR F.R.C.S. AWAITING EXAMINATION. THE PORTRAITS ON THE WALL ARE (L. TO R.) SIR JOHN BLAND SUTTON, LORD MOYNIHAN AND SIR HUGH LEIT.

THESE photographs, which include some of the first ever allowed to be taken inside the Royal College of Surgeons, have an especial interest since the College has recently launched an appeal for £3,000,000 to support its education and research programme and to cover the cost of the rebuilding projects now in progress in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The College was largely destroyed by bombs in 1941 and it has been the scene of a great rebuilding programme since the war, the third stage being completed early this year; and the only outstanding portion yet to be erected is that which will house the celebrated Hunterian Collection, the especial pride of the College and a centre of attraction to medical men throughout the world. Outlining the nature of the appeal before an invited audience of surgeons and industrialists at the première of the film "Life in Emergency Ward 10," the President, Sir James Paterson [Continued below.

(Right.) PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS: SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES FOR F.R.C.S. APPEAR BEFORE THE COURT OF EXAMINERS.



A TREASURED POSSESSION IN THE COLLEGE: ROWLANDSON'S DRAWING OF THE IRISH GIANT, CHARLES BYRNE, WHOSE 7 FT. 8 IN. SKELETON (SEE RIGHT) WAS PREPARED BY THE CELEBRATED JOHN HUNTER IN 1783.

Continued.] Ross, pointed out that the College is not part of the National Health Service and receives no research grant from the Government; and that the College was in need of a capital sum of £350,000 and an additional income of £150,000. The College is responsible for teaching graduates the art and practice of surgery and for maintaining the high standards of surgery throughout Britain and the Commonwealth.



FAMOUS AND HISTORICAL SKELETONS IN THE COLLEGE MUSEUM: ON THE LEFT IS THE 7 FT. 8 IN. IRISH GIANT, BESIDE A MIDGET OF UNDER 2 FT

FROM FINE ARTS AND ARCHITECTURE—TO THE BUDGET AND FRANCE'S RUGBY TRIUMPH.



QUAINT AND FANTASTIC SCENT-SPRAYS AND BOTTLES TO BE AUCTIONED ON APRIL 13: THIS PISTOL (TOP PICTURE) FIRES SCENT AND CONTAINS A WATCH IN ITS BUTT. The sale of scent-bottles and watches due to take place at Christie's on April 13 contains these 18th-century Chelsea bottles shown above, and also the delightful fancy of a gold and enamel pistol with an agate flint, which shoots scent and contains a miniature watch in its butt.



FAST RISING AND DUE FOR COMPLETION IN 1960: NEW GUY'S HOUSE, THE NEW SURGICAL BLOCK FOR GUY'S HOSPITAL, OF WHICH LORD NUFFIELD LAID THE FOUNDATION-STONE IN SEPTEMBER LAST. IT WILL HAVE 378 BEDS AND TEN OPERATING THEATRES.



A DUTCH MEMORIAL TO AN ENGLISH NAVIGATOR: MR. DONALD LOWE, CHAIRMAN OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK AUTHORITY, UNVEILING IN AMSTERDAM A MEMORIAL TO HENRY HUDSON, WHO IN 1609 SAILED FROM AMSTERDAM IN THE *HALF MOON*, TO LAND IN WHAT WOULD LATER BECOME NEW YORK HARBOUR.



ACQUIRED FOR THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM WITH THE HELP OF THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND: AN ATTIC WHITE MARBLE MONUMENT OF ABOUT 300 B.C., UNTIL RECENTLY USED AS A SUN-DIAL BASE IN CO. MAYO, IRELAND.



TWO DAYS BEFORE BUDGET DAY: THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER HAS A DAY'S SAILING IN HIS YACHT *AILANTHUS*. As a change from his labours in preparing his Budget, Mr. Heathcoat Amory on April 5 had a day's sailing in the Medway estuary in his yacht *Ailanthus* and had half a dozen Sea Cadets from Harrow to crew for him. He appeared much refreshed.

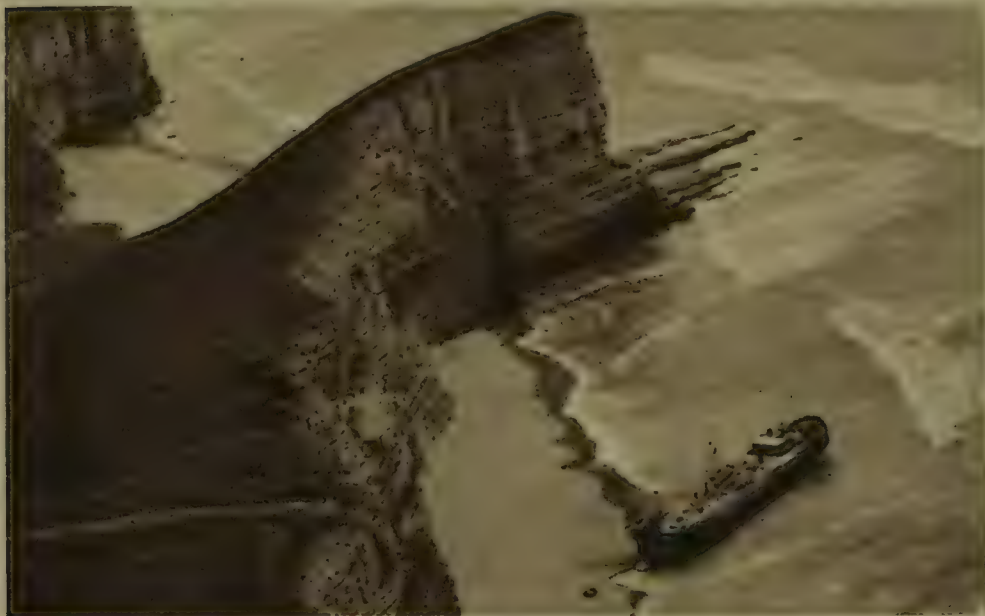


A PROCESSION OF VINTAGE CARS, LED BY AN 1895 LEON BOLLEE, AT THE OPENING OF THE EXTENSION OF THE MONTAGU MOTOR MUSEUM AT BEAULIEU. On April 5 Lord Brabazon of Tara opened the new extension of the Montagu Motor Museum at Beaulieu. The museum, which now has about 500 exhibits, was founded in 1952 by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu in memory of his father, a pioneer motorist.



IN THE MATCH THAT BROUGHT FRANCE THE INTERNATIONAL RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE FIRST TIME: BOUQUET PASSING TO MARQUESUZAA, WHEN FRANCE BEAT WALES IN PARIS. At the Stade Colombes, in Paris, on April 4, before a wildly cheering crowd of about 65,000, France beat Wales by 11 points to 3 and so won the Championship, no matter what happens when they play Ireland. Hitherto France have been able only to share the championship.

FROM SHIPWRECKS TO A FAMOUS STAGE ROLE: SOME RECENT EVENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.



AFTER RUNNING AGROUND IN A FOG ON THE GLAMORGAN COAST, WALES: THE TANKER WIDDALE H WHICH WAS SURROUNDED BY AN EXPLOSIVE CLOUD OF FUMES.

Dozens of small holes perforated in the tanker *Widdale H* when she ran aground on the Glamorgan coast, created such a cloud of dangerous fumes that the captain and crew had to be taken ashore wearing breathing apparatuses. The fumes could be smelt sixteen miles away.



AFTER THE CAPTAIN HAD SWUM ASHORE TO SOUND THE ALARM: A LIFE-BOAT APPROACHES TO RESCUE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF THE FRENCH FISHING VESSEL *PLUIE DE ROSES* WRECKED AT TREVADRAN POINT, CORNWALL.

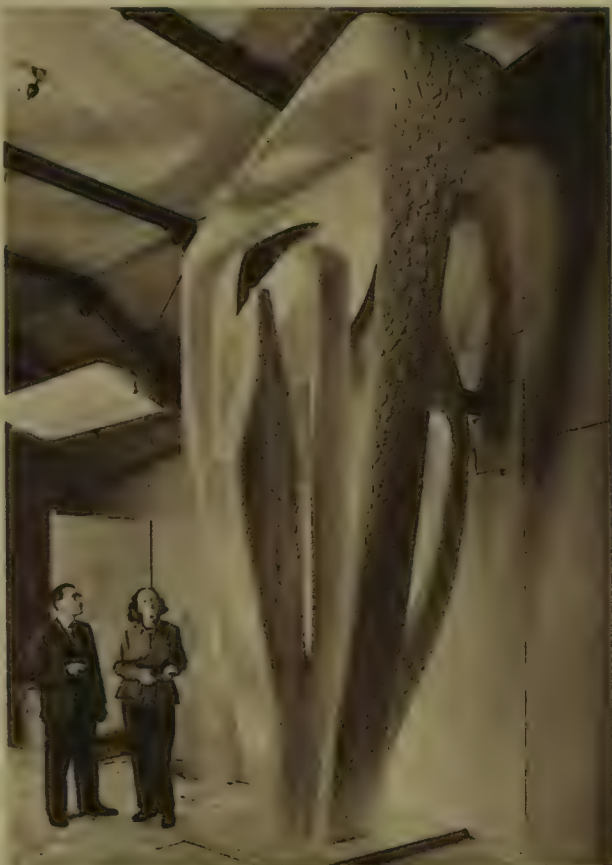


AS AN AID TO PILOTS OF LIGHT AIRCRAFT NOT FITTED WITH NAVIGATIONAL AIDS: ONE OF A SERIES OF NEW "SIGNPOSTS" BEING PAINTED BY A SERGEANT OF THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION ON TOP OF WROTHAM HILL, KENT.



A NOTABLE APPEARANCE AT STRATFORD: MR. PAUL ROBESON IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "OTHELLO."

One of the outstanding events of the 100th anniversary season of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, is the appearance of Mr. Paul Robeson as Othello, a part for which he has now become famous. The season was due to open with "Othello" on April 7.



DUE TO BE CAST IN BRONZE FOR STATE HOUSE, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON: THE FINAL PLASTER CAST OF "MERIDIAN."

Miss Barbara Hepworth is seen here standing with a recently completed plaster cast, "Meridian," a 15-ft. abstract sculpture which is shortly to be cast in bronze in Paris before being erected outside the front entrance of a London office building. It has taken her four-and-a-half months to complete.



OUTSIDE SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S HOME IN HYDE PARK GATE, LONDON, AFTER IT HAD BEEN RAIDED BY THIEVES, WHO STOLE ARTICLES VALUED AT £10,000.

Thieves broke into the London home of Sir Winston Churchill on March 30, when members of the staff were out at dinner, and stole articles which included a \$5000 sable stole, pieces of jewellery and some of Sir Winston's cigars. A reward for information has been offered.



BACK FROM KHARTOUM AFTER BEING REMOVED FROM THEIR SITES LAST DECEMBER: THE STATUES OF GENERAL GORDON AND LORD KITCHENER ARRIVING AT CHATHAM.

The statues of two great figures in British military history have arrived from Khartoum. After many disputes about their ultimate destination, Gordon's statue is to go to Gordon's Boy's School, Woking; that of Kitchener to the School of Military Engineering, Chatham.

IMPERIALISM is, I suppose, now regarded as a policy of which the West, and Great Britain in particular, should be ashamed. In fact, it is nothing but a meaningless word shouted by naughty children. Kicking one's parents may—I do not know—be regarded by some modern psychiatrists as a necessary release of some complex or other. Leaving all emotion aside, I will merely record my view that it gets one nowhere. Three books which I have read this week bring this point forcefully to mind. The gentle and kindly reminiscences of Sir Ronald Wingate—his title, *NOT IN THE LIMELIGHT*, shows a diffidence which the opponents of "imperialism" will find it hard to reconcile with their picture of hard-faced grinders of the poor—are singularly nostalgic. Sir Ronald was a member of the Indian Civil Service, who held distinguished positions and tried, as did all his colleagues in a history of nearly three centuries, to serve the best interests of the country which he was helping to govern. He made up his mind to leave in the middle of 1936. How does he sum up his feelings at that time?

It was the end of the Imperial Epoch. It was obvious. Never again would there be that sense of endeavour, that passion for the welfare of the peasant, that feeling of responsibility, that belief in a mission. We were going, and we did go, in circumstances of tragedy and confusion, less than ten years later. I was to leave not only the friends of my own service, but that happy family composed of all the services, civilian and army and many Indian friends. It is a compensation in life that pain and sadness are rarely remembered, but that pleasure, and above all physical pleasure, is. So my memories of my service in India are not of politics or of administrative achievement or failure, but of the rush of the mighty mahseer in a mountain torrent, the whirr of rising duck on a Rajputana lake on a cold weather morning, a high partridge in the clear blue on the Wamkotai, a good horse under me, the smell of wood fire in camp in the evenings, and dear friends.

I have quoted this passage at length because it seems to me to epitomise a tragedy. Of course these are the memories which any man, whatever the orbit of his public life, will hold dear. But that they should be deliberately made to soften and obscure outlines which are felt to be too harsh to be borne is the saddest of comments on a life generously spent, when no one will now recall its generosity. There are many good anecdotes in Sir Ronald's book, and much that is interesting about his later career during the Second World War, as a Member of the Joint Planning Staff. Sir Ronald is now in retirement. He has, he tells his readers, bought a croquet set. Here is an entire lack of bitterness which proves that it was the "imperialists," not their opponents, who possessed heart, generosity and courage.

In a much drier manner, I detect the same quality in Sir John Glubb's *BRITAIN AND THE ARABS*. Here is how "Glubb Pasha" dismisses, in a few factual sentences, the cruel end put to his own career in the service of the Jordanian Arabs:

I had the honour, at the time, to command the Jordan army. I was dismissed on 29th February, 1956, and most of the British officers followed me shortly afterwards. The king a few weeks later dismissed the government and ordered a general election. A near-communist government took office, devoted to the interests of Egypt and Russia. The Anglo-Jordanian Treaty was terminated on the 14th March, 1957, and with it the British subsidy came to an end.

Is this any less tragic? Sir John pays a generous tribute to the boldness of King Hussein when, a month later, he turned the tables on his enemies. But for Sir John himself it was the end of twenty-six years of loyalty and devotion to a cause in which he passionately believed.

My third quotation comes from Lord Russell of Liverpool's *THAT REMINDS ME*. Lord Russell, as we all remember, resigned from the Liberal Party because he supported the Anglo-French intervention in Suez. Here are his views:

I approved of the Anglo-French intervention. . . . It was a great tragedy that the British Government hesitated in mid-stream, for in another three days the Canal would have been free again and Nasser no longer President of Egypt. It was, however, difficult for our Prime Minister, for there were clearly some dissidents in his own camp. He had no need to worry about the Liberal Lady and the Socialist Madam, both of whom deplored the fact that they were British, for most of us would have been glad if they had not been. . . . I thought at the time, and I still think, that the failure to go on with the Anglo-French joint action in the face of United Nations opposition will prove to have been a disaster of the first magnitude, the final results of which cannot, at the moment, be assessed.

This is, perhaps, an attitude which might be more formally described as "imperialist," but I cannot see that it is any the worse for that. Lord Russell was, at any rate, prepared to make heavy sacrifices in the cause which he conscientiously

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

maintained to be right. I will only add that his book is as entertaining as it is wise.

The trouble about being a literary lounge is that one encourages oneself to lounge. I had not intended to gallop through the other books which I have read this week, but I have now no alternative! Please read *INCAS AND OTHER MEN*, a travel book by George Woodcock, who has explored Peru and its people with an eye which is both kind and intelligent. This is not a piece

CHESS NOTES.

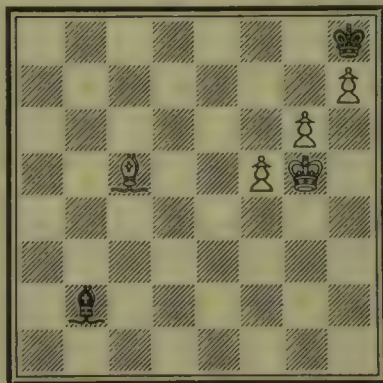
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT may seem a little incongruous to write about a simple endgame when Easter is producing its usual riotous wealth of complete games; congresses at Birmingham, Richmond, Paignton, Southend, Harrogate, Salford have drawn more chess players than ever, whilst Liverpool's junior congress has now attained a staggering entry of 1260 players.

But I believe the average reader prefers a few moves which he can comprehend, to a torrent of moves he can not. And having showered lavish praise on a recent Russian book, I feel it is fair to redress the balance by pointing out that the very second position, of the 1300 or so the book contains, is unsound.

This was G. M. Lissitsin's "Strategia i Taktika Shakhmat." My good friend Peter Oakley drew my attention to the flaw and the most rigorous testing only confirms his contention.

Black.



White.

This is given as an illustration of stalemate. It is captioned laconically "Nichya" ("Drawn") and the author writes "White is three pawns up but a draw for Black is guaranteed because of stalemate. 1. P-B6, B×Pch 2. K×P stalemate."

But it is unnecessary for White to oblige with 1. P-B6. The danger of stalemate recurs again and again, but can always be evaded with care.

1. B-K7 is the most straightforward winning first move. This threatens 2. P-B6, after which 2... B×Pch?? would certainly not lead to stalemate.

If 1... B-B8ch, then 2. K-R5 threatening 3. B-B6 mate. There are two ways of meeting this threat; 2... K-Kt2 is not one; 3. B-B6ch just the same. The obvious way is 2... B-Kt7 but 2... B-R3!?? merits a glance. White's neatest win then would be by 3. B-B6ch, B-Kt2; 4. B×Bch, K×B; 5. P-R8(Q)ch, K×Q and White has an ending, K, P, P against K; which he could win with his eyes closed.

So (1. B-K7, B-B8ch; 2. K-R5) 2... B-Kt7; 3. P-B6, B-B6 (again a stalemate "trap" is possible but it is only a trap: 3... B-R6; 4. P-Kt7ch, K×RP; 5. B×B wins easily; not 4. B×B??? stalemate); 4. P-B7, B-Kt2 (another trap; there may yet be no win after 5. P-B8(Q)ch, B×Q; 6. B×B or 6. B-B6ch, B-Kt2); 5. B-B6! B×B; 6. P-B8(Q) mate.

If 1... B-Kt2 then 2. P-B6, B-B1; 3. B-Q8. Or 1... B-Kt2; 2. P-B6, B-R3ch; 3. K-R5, B-B8; 4. P-B7, B-R3; 5. B-B6ch as before.

of studied archaeology. Mr. Woodcock and his wife have been content to take what they found, from Lima to Cuzco, and over the high tablelands of the Sierra, and the result is, to my mind, first-class.

ANNE BRONTË, *HER LIFE AND WORK*, by Ada Harrison and Derek Stanford, really deserves longer discussion than I can afford to give it this week. The book is in two parts: a biography by the late Miss Harrison, and a critical study of Anne's work by Mr. Stanford. Anne was, of course, the "quiet one" in that turbulent Haworth family, quietly wearing herself out as a

governess, quietly nursing a broken heart, and quietly writing books which deserve to be much better known. This admirable work should do much to restore her true value. Another book of equal quality, for discerning readers, is KATHERINE MANSFIELD, AND OTHER

LITERARY STUDIES, a collection of unpublished essays by J. Middleton Murry, with a foreword by T. S. Eliot. No one could better appreciate the work of Katherine Mansfield than Mr. Middleton Murry. He calls it "serene," and he adds: "It seems to me that those who are responsive to her writing recognise this serenity—the serenity of a rainbow that shines through tears—and know that it comes from a heart at peace 'in spite of all.'"

It may be a trifle mundane to turn straight from delicacies of the heart and the mind to those of the table, but I see no particular harm in that. We must all eat and drink, and it is barbaric to pretend that we should not eat and drink as well as possible. Two little books will be a great help to you in this stimulating quest. The first is Raymond Postgate's *THE GOOD FOOD GUIDE*, 1959-1960, which lists no fewer than 750 places in Great Britain where you can rely on a good meal at a reasonable price. He wisely adds some blank forms at the end of the booklet, so that members of the Good Food Club can confirm or disapprove the choices given, or nominate others. M. Egon Ronay's shorter work—it does not seem to have a title, unless I am supposed to quote "Egon Ronay recommends 175 eating places in and around London," which is rather a mouthful—is equally valuable.

The novelists are not going to get much of a show this week, but lately I have been doing them proud. The best, I thought, was *THE MAN WHO WROTE DETECTIVE STORIES*, four short stories by J. I. M. Stewart, who is also (confusingly enough) Michael Innes. He writes with a pleasant tang. But I am not sure, on reflection, that it is not beaten by *THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT*, a first novel by Nora Johnson, about two American schoolgirls, recommended by the Book Society. Eden Phillpotts runs true to form, and if you like the form you will certainly enjoy *THERE WAS AN OLD MAN*. It is a remarkable production for an author aged ninety-six. When I began Phyllis Hastings' *THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH*, I thought I was not going to be impressed. It is certainly true that some men live with fantasies of girls whom they loved when they were very young, but this sort of thing tends to be a bore. Not, however, in the competent hands of Miss Hastings.

But I was, I am afraid, bored by *THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN*, by Pierre Boule, author of "The Bridge on the River Kwai." I thought Patricia Delavigne, a woman with idealistic aspirations towards winning over Chinese Communists, muddle-headed and unconvincing. But not everyone will share my views.

Finally, I will mention *THE BOMBER'S EYE*, by Dudley Saward. This is all about radar and bombing tactics. It was too technical for me, but I have to recognise that we live in an age of technology. I can, at least, salute the men who did so much towards winning us the war, even if the instruments which they evolved will remain—for ever, I am afraid!—beyond my understanding.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

NOT IN THE LIMELIGHT, by Sir Ronald Wingate. (Hutchinson; 25s.)

BRITAIN AND THE ARABS, by Glubb Pasha. (Hodder and Stoughton; 30s.)

THAT REMINDS ME, by Lord Russell. (Cassell; 25s.)

INCAS AND OTHER MEN, by George Woodcock. (Faber; 25s.)

ANNE BRONTË, by Ada Harrison and Derek Stanford. (Methuen; 25s.)

KATHERINE MANSFIELD, AND OTHER LITERARY STUDIES, by J. Middleton Murry. (Constable; 20s.)

THE GOOD FOOD GUIDE, 1959-1960, by Raymond Postgate. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)

EATING PLACES IN AND AROUND LONDON, by Egon Ronay. (Egon Ronay Ltd.; 3s.)

THE MAN WHO WROTE DETECTIVE STORIES, by J. I. M. Stewart. (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.)

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT, by Nora Johnson. (Gollancz; 15s.)

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN, by Eden Phillpotts. (Hutchinson; 15s.)

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH, by Phyllis Hastings. (Hutchinson; 15s.)

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN, by Pierre Boule. (Secker and Warburg; 13s. 6d.)

THE BOMBER'S EYE, by Dudley Saward. (Cassell; 21s.)



Schweppshire Guide to public speaking

No. 2 HOW TO SHOW THAT YOU ARE REALLY ONE OF THEM

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Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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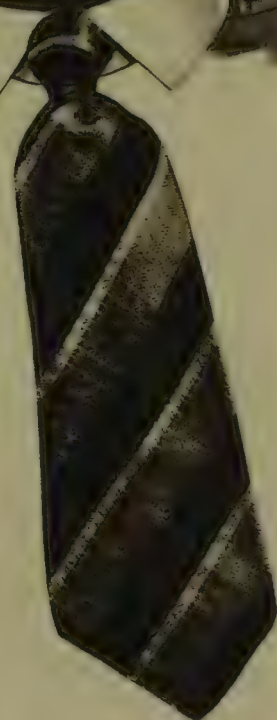
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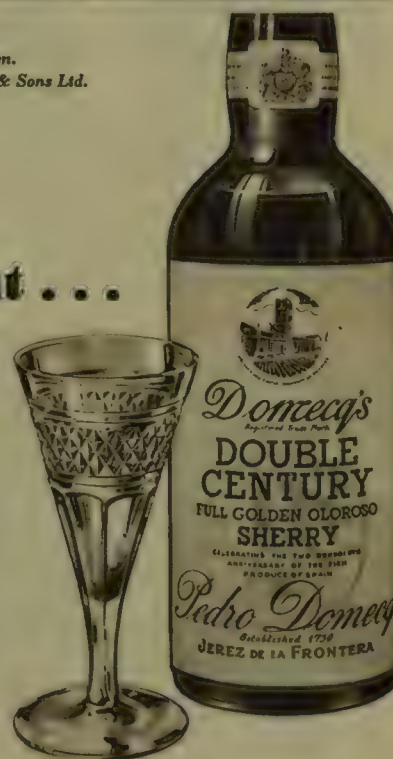


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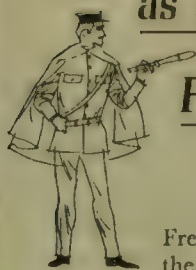
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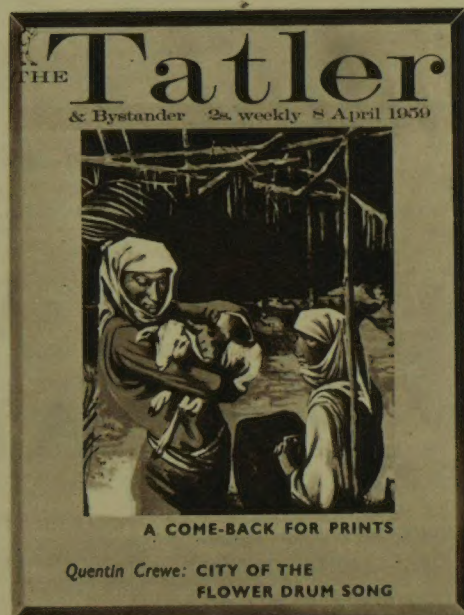
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musical. **CECILY MACKWORTH** writes a hilarious account of domestic problems at her Normandy chateau. **SOCIAL NEWS:** Jennifer's social round includes the Grand National, the Horse and Hound Ball and the Royal Lancers Ball. **ALSO:** Sirlol Hugh-Jones on Books, Gerald Lascelles on Jazz, Anthony Cookman at the Theatre, Elspeth Grant at the Cinema, Doone Beale on Travel and Helen Burke on Cookery.



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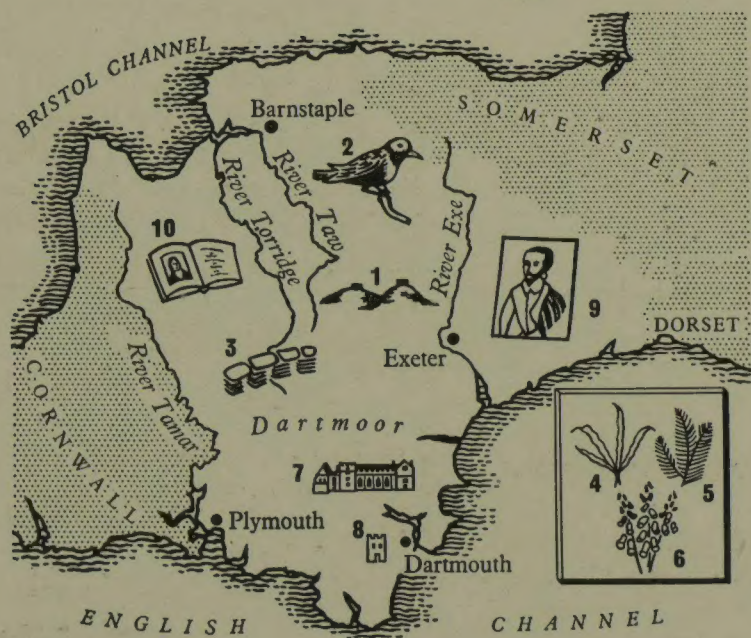
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Shell guide to DEVONSHIRE



A county which is warm, fertile, damp, velvety — and rough. The tors of Dartmoor (1) — where a characteristic bird is the Ring Ouzel (2) — brokenly erupt above a richness of small fields and deep valleys. Clapper bridges (3), just wide enough for packhorses, survive across the rapid streams below the Moor. Ferns flourish, Hart's Tongue (4) and Male Fern (5); and in June Devonshire is a county of Foxgloves (6). As likely as not the cattle of the green fields will be Red Devons, whose milk yields rich Devonshire Cream. Orchards abound, giving apples for cider and the cider jar. In South Devon the medieval Dartington Hall (7) is the hub of a unique research institute, concerned with farming, forestry, horticulture, music, education. Deep harbour inlets on the south coast guarded by little Tudor forts (8) are reminders of Devon's long naval importance. Of her famous men, here are two — Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618) (9), poet, historian, statesman, courtier, soldier, naval commander, who had "a wonderfull waking spirit" and was a man of "awfulness and ascendancy in his aspect over other mortalls"; and Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) (10), the great poet of *Kubla Khan*, son of a Devonshire clergyman and grandson of a maker of Devon serge. Raleigh used Devonshire words in his poems; Coleridge spoke broad Devonshire all his life.

The "Shell Guide to Trees" is now published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd., at 7s. 6d. The Shell Guides to "Flowers of the Countryside", "Birds and Beasts", and "Fossils, Insects and Reptiles" are also available at 7s. 6d. each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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